

NEW YORK Saturday Evening Post A Popular Paper



Pleasure & Profit

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1872, by BEADLE AND ADAMS, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

Vol. III. E. F. Beadle, William Adams, David Adams, PUBLISHERS.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 23, 1872.

TERMS IN ADVANCE One copy, four months, \$1.00.
One copy, one year, \$4.00.
Two copies, one year, \$8.00.

No. 141.

THE FADED ROSE.

BY A. P. M., JR.

Eyes have admired thee
When full in thy bloom;
Gone powerfully thyred thee
Unheedful of gloom.

Voices have praised thee
Through many an hour,
And proudly had raised thee
A queen in thy bower.

Fond lips have pressed thee,
With ardor that has prised thee
And soft sighs have blest thee
For one idolized.

Petals once blushing
In dewy young day,
With songs of nice hushing,
Have faded for eye.

Perished thy smiling,
Thy bosom of hues;
Thy perfume beguiling,
We so wept to lose!

Sweet was the dreamy draught
Hold in thy cup;
So many blisses quaffed,
Dried the spring up.

Sadly we miss thee—
Thy beauty of yore!
Still dreaming we kiss thee,
Though that art no more!

For memory hath bound thee
To scenes of the past,
Tho' like them, hath found thee
Too precious to last!

A Strange Girl: A NEW ENGLAND LOVE STORY.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN.
AUTHOR OF THE "WOLF DEMON," "OVERLAND KIT," "RED MAZELLA," "ACE OF SPADES," "HEART OF FIRE," "WITCHES OF NEW YORK," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

HUSH-MONEY.

WITH a face as white as the mantlepiece to which she clung, Lydia gazed upon the man in the doorway.

There was a quiet, pleasant smile upon the features of Daisy Brick, as he surveyed the girl; a smile that betrayed a great deal of satisfaction.

But the look upon her face was one of horror; had he been a specter, newly risen from the grave, her eyes could not have stared more intently—her lips have been more white.

"Good-evening, Miss Grame," Brick said, removing his hat and bowing in his easy, graceful way. "No doubt you are astonished at seeing me here in this quiet country town. I can assure you I was very much surprised when you passed me a short time ago on the street. I recognized you at once. I have such an excellent memory. I inquired who you was, and they told me, Miss Grame."

"Why have you come here?" the girl said, quickly, and the hard-drawn breath that came from between the pearly teeth plainly told how intense was the feeling that filled the heart of the speaker.

"Accident alone, my dear Miss Lydia," Daisy replied, with another charming smile. "Go away at once!" the girl gasped, rather than spoke.

"Go away!" Daisy exclaimed, in a tone of amazement.

"Yes, your presence is death to me."

"Death!" Daisy's wonder was unfeigned.

"Why, how can that be?"

"Why have you hunted me down?" the girl demanded, with white lips and staring eyes.

"My dear Miss Lydia, let me assure you that my visit to Biddeford had nothing whatever to do with you. How could I guess that you were here? What object have I to hunt you down? I am not a detective officer, nor have I any malice whatever toward you. You passed me on the street—leaning on the arm of a very fine-looking young man, by the way—I recognized you; what more natural than the desire to call upon an old friend?"

"I do not believe you!" the girl cried, bluntly. "Your coming here means no good to me. You are my evil genius. From the moment that I saw your face dates all the misery of my life."

"You have learned to hate me then, Lydia?" For the first time the smile upon Brick's face faded, and a cold, cruel look came into his blue eyes.

"Hate? No, no; that is not the word!" exclaimed the girl, quickly. "I loathe—fear you; you inspire me with horror. I know that you mean me some dreadful wrong. I am helpless, powerless against you. Your presence makes me mad—with fear."

The look of pain upon the white, distorted face of the young girl would have moved a heart of stone, but it had but little effect upon Daisy Brick.

"As I have something particular to say to you, and as the saying of that something will take up some little time, I trust you will excuse me if I take a chair."

The young man pulled the rocking-chair from the corner into the center of the room and sat down in it. The girl never stirred from her position by the mantelpiece, but with the wild look of the wolf entrapped in the pitfall, glared upon her visitor.

"You seem very comfortably fixed here, Lydia," Daisy said, after a glance around the cozy little parlor. "When we parted, you said you were tired of life and wished to die. I see, though, that you still live."

"Because I am a coward," the girl said,



With a face as white as the mantlepiece to which she clung, Lydia gazed upon the man in the doorway.

bitterly. "I have not the courage to kill myself. I was near death once, but a fellow-creature stepped from her path into mine, and rescued me."

"Why should you want to die?" Daisy questioned. "A young, beautiful girl, the blood in your veins full of life, full of passion," and Daisy laid a strong emphasis upon the word. "Life should have many charms for you. If report speaks true, all Biddeford is at your feet—and prettier feet Biddeford could not kneel before. They say that you are the belle of the town; a dozen suitors follow your steps, eager for your smile; yet you are only a poor mill girl."

"My face is my fortune, sir, she said." And your face is your fortune, my dainty Lydia; a fortune which I think that I ought to have a share in, Lydia, my charmer. I am in that state which expressive men term "broke" and vulgar ones, "bu'sted." I want money. I suppose it is hardly necessary to mention that that is a very common want. You must help me."

"I help you!" cried the girl, and a hot, angry flush came over the marble-like face.

"Exactly—don't trouble yourself to speak: I know what you are going to say. You'll see me further first, and then you wouldn't. But you mustn't say any thing of the sort, because you are going to do exactly as I want you to in this affair. This is just like a romance, you know. I possess a certain secret concerning you; yield to my demands, or speak! Isn't that thrilling? I tell you!"

"I don't care for the opinion of the world?"

"No, I do not!" Lydia said, desperately.

"You do not care for the opinion of Sinclair Paxton, either, eh?" and there was a cruel smile on Daisy's face as he put the question.

The girl started; her bosom heaved and the deadly whiteness again came over her face.

Brick laughed—a low, exulting laugh.

"Oh, what a dear, sweet, innocent child you are!" he said, in mockery. "You love this fellow, eh? He has triumphed where I failed. This cold-blood, icy New Englander has taken you for all you're worth. You don't care for the opinion of the world, but you do care for him. Now I'll speak plainly. Yield to my demand, or else I'll interview Mr. Sinclair Paxton, and tell him some few particulars of the life of the girl who now calls herself Lydia Grame."

The tone of banter was all gone now, and brute assurance had taken its place.

"How much money do you want?" Lydia said, slowly and with downcast head.

"All that you can give me," Daisy replied, bluntly.

"I haven't much."

"I won't take any more than you possess," Brick said, with an ugly sneer "and you needn't look as if you were going to be killed right off without judge or jury. There isn't any need of being heroic in this matter. Make it my interest to keep my mouth shut, and you are perfectly safe as far as I am concerned."

"I have only thirty dollars in the world," the girl said, slowly.

"Thirty, eh? Well, give me twenty-five."

"And you will go away?" she asked, eagerly.

"Yes."

"And never trouble me again?"

"Oh, I can't promise that!" he exclaimed, with a light laugh.

"The secret that I possess is worth a great deal more than twenty-five dollars. Suppose I should go to Sinclair Paxton and say to him, 'I know all the particulars of the early life of Lydia Grame; you love her; give me fifty or a hundred dollars and I will put you in possession of a secret which makes her a slave to the man who knows it.' Don't you suppose that he would jump at the offer?"

"No," the girl said, quickly; "he would not use such a power, even if he possessed it; he is too noble."

"He's a man, and in love with you; few men in this world who are not idiots once

in their lives when a pretty woman is in the case," Daisy said, sarcastically.

"Then when this money is gone, you will come back for more?" the girl asked, slowly.

"No, not that exactly. My head is clear and my wits good. I would rather trick you to support me with your hard earnings. But at present I am hard pushed and must have money. I will be honest with you. I will not call upon you for aid if I can possibly do without it."

"Wait a few minutes and I will bring you the money." Lydia left the room.

Daisy looked after her thoughtfully.

"What course of action shall I take in this matter?" he asked, communing with himself. "Shall I let this love affair go on—let her marry this Sinclair Paxton? By Jove! the thought is wormwood, for I love her myself; that is, as much as I can love any one. But if I let her marry this fellow, through her I can get at his money. Aha! that's a magnificent idea," and Daisy rubbed his hands together softly.

The adventurer judged others by himself; he did not for a moment doubt that the young girl would readily marry her wealthy suitor.

Lydia's return put an end to his meditations.

In her hand she held a little roll of bills.

"There," she said, and she gave the money into his hand.

"Just twenty-five," he said, glancing at the bills.

"Yes, and now go!" she exclaimed, impatiently.

He rose to his feet, a grimace on his face.

"You turn me out without ceremony," he said, moving toward the door.

"Because I can not breathe freely while you are here!" she exclaimed.

"And yet there was a time—"

"Do not speak of the past!" she cried, hurriedly, interrupting him. "I have striven to forget—prayed that the past might be as a blank to me. For mercy's sake, do not recall the dreadful thoughts."

"Well, I will bid you good-by," he said, carelessly. "I may remain in town for a few days, so you need not be astonished if you see me. It will be as well that we should appear as strangers to each other, for it might lead to troublesome questions if it was known that we were old friends."

"Friends!" said the girl, with a bitter accent, and her lip curled.

"You dispute that, eh?" he cried, laughing; "well, we won't quarrel about a word; good-by."

His step sounded in the entry, and then the garden gate creaked behind him.

Lydia sunk down in the rocking-chair; her strength was all gone now, and a flood of scalding tears poured from her eyes.

CHAPTER V.

THE YANKEE SKIPPER.

UP on the hill, overlooking the village, stood the mansion of Peleg Embden, better known to the good citizens of Biddeford as "Daddy" Embden.

The mansion was a great, overgrown structure, with huge Grecian columns in front, which gave the building more the appearance of a meeting-house than a private dwelling.

The grounds surrounding the house were elaborately laid out. A tremendous effort had been made for style. Money, rather than taste, was plainly evident both in the mansion and its surroundings. It was as if the owner of the estate had tried to build a house which should impress one with the idea of great wealth at the first glance.

In the sitting-room of the house, which was magnificently furnished, sat Peleg Embden and Delia, his daughter, his only child.

The gas was burning in a drop-light on the center-table, near which the young girl sat sewing.

Delia Embden was a little, slender girl of two and twenty, with a face rather shrewish in its expression; a small, delicate face, not handsome and yet not plain, for there was a bright, winning look in the small gray-blue eyes and a rare charm about the dainty, thin-lipped mouth. The whitish-yellow hair, too, which was so neatly and deftly braided and coiled around the shapeless little head, was strangely pretty; it matched so well with the white skin, so wondrous in its pearl-like purity.

The girl would have been lovely but that her face was too thin, her eyes too small, and her nose too large.

But she was pretty in spite of these defects. A nimble-fingered, active, "smart," bright New England girl.

She took the whole charge of her father's household, and many a wise old village gossip predicted that Delia Embden would make a real smart wife for somebody.

Peleg Embden sat by the window, gazing vacantly out into the darkness of the night. He was a little, withered, dried-up old man, with a small peaked face, sharp, rat-like eyes, and a general expression of shrewd cunning upon his features. He was very poorly dressed. Biddeford folks said that "Daddy" Embden was lost in a decent suit of clothes.

Embden's rise to wealth had been a sudden one; and how or where he made his money was a mystery to all. He had been the captain of a little coasting schooner which traded in "truck" and "garden-sass," all along the coast from Rockland to Boston. His home was in Biddeford, and there his wife and daughter lived while he was away. His wife, a careful, hard-working woman, took in sewing, and thus aided in keeping the home comfortable.

For years "Skipper" Embden had sailed the Nancy Jane—so the schooner was named, after his wife—up and down the coast, but in the year 1864 his wife died, and after her funeral, Embden and his schooner sailed out of Saco Pool, and the places that once knew them knew them no more.

A year passed away, and during all that time the white sails of the Nancy Jane, and the withered form of Skipper Embden standing by the tiller, gladdened not the eyes of the dwellers along the rocky New England coast.

Men predicted that the coasting "smack" and her owner had found a grave beneath the billows of the Atlantic.

But one bright morning in the month of June, 1865, just at the close of the war, Peleg Embden made his appearance in the streets of Biddeford.

To the many anxious inquiries as to where he had been for the past year, he simply replied, "after money." Little satisfaction he gave to the questioners.

A few days after Embden's return a good people of Biddeford made a discovery which caused them to open their eyes in wonder.

Peleg Embden owned about fifty thousand dollars' worth of stock in the Biddeford mills; and as the skipper of the Nancy Jane, a year before, hadn't been worth fifty thousand cents, the natural question was asked: "How did Peleg Embden make his money?"

It soon became evident that Embden was quite a wealthy man. He bought a site on the hillside and erected a splendid house thereon, paying cash for every thing.

Some of the village gossips who had been intimate with Embden ventured to ask him how he had made his money.

"He," he replied, with a knowing wink, but the details of his sudden rise to wealth he kept to himself.

This reservation did not become a man who had made his money by honest speculation—at least, so thought the greater part

of the Biddeford folks, and there were not wanting tongues to affirm that Peleg Embden never made his money honestly.

Dark whispers went round of blockade-running between the Virginia capes—of the Nancy Jane carrying medicines, percussion-caps, and other fight articles—contraband of war—to the Southern forces. And whispers again told of murder on the high seas, and pictured the Nancy Jane flying the black flag from her peak, and Peleg Embden as the desperate and bloody-minded commander of a gang of pirates, forgetting that the aforesaid smash was only some ten tons burden and that a dozen fair-sized men would have found difficulty in procuring decent accommodation aboard her.

But one thing was certain: the Peleg Embden who came back to Biddeford was quite a different man from the skipper of the Nancy Jane, who had left it but a year before.

Before, he had been a free-spoken man, with a cheerful word for every one; now, he was reserved and moody. He seemed suspicious of all, started at the slightest noise like a criminal fleeing from justice.

An unhappy, desolate, speechless man was the Yankee skipper.

And now as he sat glaring out of the window into the darkness of the night, he seemed strangely agitated.

Delia sewing by the center-table heard her father muttering, and rising in alarm, approached him quietly, anxious to discover what had alarmed him.

Seated in a low easy-chair, facing toward the window, Embden with a face distorted with pain, was looking out of the casement.

Delia looked in vain for the object which was agitating the old man so strangely. She saw only the great, gloomy wall of darkness—night's mantle which covered in the earth—and through the darkness gleamed, like a golden star, a single light, coming evidently from some lamp placed near a window of one of the houses down in the hollow.

Leaning on the back of her father's chair, she listened to his murmured words.

"The tide turns at nine, Jethro; why don't he come? The light is fixed all right; every thing is safe and—a false beacon-light which leads the vessel off the rocks!" With a sigh of pain Embden threw his head back against the chair.

"What's the matter, father? Are you ill?" the girl asked, kneeling by his side, and looking up into his face.

"Ah, Delie," he muttered, vacantly, and again fixing his eyes upon the gloom before him. "There's the signal."

"The signal!" said the girl, in wonder.

"Yes; don't you see it?"

"No."

"The light there?" and with a shaking finger the old man pointed out into the gloom.

"Oh, yes, I see that; it's in some cottage window."

"No, no, no!" cried the old man, hastily; "it's on the point. There goes the signal now—he's waving it round his head three times. Don't you see it move? Now Jethro, answer it. Vail our light once then again—that's twice, and that means all right."

Vainly Delia looked into the darkness; the light moved not; she saw that her father's mind was wandering.

"I can not see that the light has moved at all, father," she said, gently.

"Your eyes are not as keen as mine; you've not coasted from Cape Cod to the Penobscot twenty years as I have. There's the signal again! Answer it, Jethro!" he said, in feverish anxiety, his eyes glaring. The girl had never seen her father so strangely affected before.

"He's there, but where are they?" he questioned, his eyes still fixed upon the glimmering light. "There goes the rock-et!" and the old man was convulsed with emotion in every limb. "He knows now his danger. Hear that shot! They're on him! Up with the anchor, Jethro! It isn't our fault. Don't h'list a sail—let her drift down the river! Oh! Heaven have mercy on his soul!"

Exhausted, the old man sunk back in his chair and closed his eyes, wearily.

"Why, father, how strangely you talk," the girl exclaimed; "it is all imagination. You must be sick. Hadn't I better make you a strong cup of tea? Do come away from the window." With gentle force she raised the old man from the easy-chair and supported him to her seat by the center-table.

"Delie, I've been talkin' strangely, hain't I?" Embden said, suddenly.

"Yes; but you are not well, father," she said, gently.

"Yes, a little sick," he said, slowly. "Delie, dear eighty-one thousand dollars is a heap of money," he spoke reflectively.

"Yes, it is, father."

"Kin you reckon what the interest on it is for a year at six per cent?"

"Yes, father."

"Cipher it out, Delie; it's payable on demand, mebbe he'll come for it, who knows?" Closing his eyes wearily, Peleg Embden dozed off to sleep, while Delia sat and wondered who the person could be to whom her father owed eighty-one thousand dollars.

CHAPTER VI. STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER.

AFTER leaving the cottage Sinclair Paxton walked slowly down the street.

The intoxication of passion was still upon him; the soft perfume that clung like a charm to the person of the young girl, seemed still with him.

Like one in a maze he walked onward. Cool, clear-headed Sinclair was strangely agitated.

"Does she love me?" he murmured; "she is such a strange girl that it is difficult to tell. She would not let me go to-night when she thought that I was pained by her coolness. She gave herself up freely to my embrace although she denied me her lips. Time alone must solve the mystery. I wonder what my father, the deacon, would say if he knew how deeply I am interested in this girl, really a stranger of whom I know nothing? He will hear of it some day, and then there will be trouble. It seems to be my fate to annoy him."

"Hello, Sin, is that you?" cried a well-known voice, and Jerry Gardner advanced through the darkness.

"Yes; taking a walk, Jerry?" the young man answered.

"Wa-al, a leetle of that an' a leetle of somethin' else," Jerry answered, slowly.

"Say, Sin, which is your best 'olt,' runnin' or fightin'?" Jerry asked, suddenly.

Sinclair was astonished at the question.

"I really don't know," he said; "why do you ask such a question?"

"Cos there's trouble ahead. Do you know Jed Hollis?"

"The carpenter? I know him; what of it?"

"I suppose you know he's kinder sweet arter a certain young lady that works down in your mill?"

"Yes, I have heard a rumor to that effect," Sinclair said, quietly.

"Wa-al, Sin, I hope you won't think that I'm pokin' my nose into business that don't concern me, but I have heard that the young lady I spoke of just now, likes some body else as well as she does Jed Hollis, if not a darned sight better, an' of course it's natural that she should go t'arin' round 'bout it like a bob-tailed hoss in fly-time."

"Very natural," Paxton said, dryly.

"An' mafral, too, that he should threaten for to do all sorts of things."

"Yes; but if I know anything of Mr. Hollis, he's likely to say a great deal more than hell'd do."

"Right, there, by hokey!" Jerry exclaimed, emphatically. "But, Sin, he's as ugly as Satan to-night. He's been gitting outside of more good old rum than you could shake a stick at in a week. He heard that the young lady was out walking with a chap about your size to-night, and he's been swearin' fit to lift the shingles off a roof ever since. Now he's just drunk enough to make a break for you, Sin; fact, I think the pesky cuss is layin' in wait for you somewhere; so just keep your eyes 'round 'em. Just take a fool's advice an' don't let any one git too close to you in the dark."

"I am much obliged, Jerry, for your warning, but I trust that he will have better sense than to provoke an encounter with me," Paxton said, in his usually quiet way.

"He's covarin' round wuss than a yaller dog with a tin pan tied to his tail," Jerry said, with a grin. "He kinder thinks that he owns all Biddeford, you know. He's the bully of these parts. Sin, I'd give him a hull quarter of a dollar for to have you tan him good, once; might make a pretty decent feller out of him."

"I shall try to protect myself," Paxton replied, not a tinge of boasting in his tone or manner, but the light that shone in his eyes and a certain compression of the lips told of danger.

"Wa-al, good-night, Sin; don't let him get the first crack at you, for the cuss can hit like thunder," and with this parting warning Jerry went on his way.

Paxton passed slowly onward, his mind busy with thoughts of Lydia. Vainly he pondered on the question, "Was he loved?"

"The signal!" said the girl, in wonder.

"Yes; don't you see it?"

"No."

"The light there?" and with a shaking finger the old man pointed out into the gloom.

"Oh, yes, I see that; it's in some cottage window."

"No, no, no!" cried the old man, hastily; "it's on the point. There goes the signal now—he's waving it round his head three times. Don't you see it move? Now Jethro, answer it. Vail our light once then again—that's twice, and that means all right."

Vainly Delia looked into the darkness; the light moved not; she saw that her father's mind was wandering.

"I can not see that the light has moved at all, father," she said, gently.

"Your eyes are not as keen as mine; you've not coasted from Cape Cod to the Penobscot twenty years as I have. There's the signal again! Answer it, Jethro!" he said, in feverish anxiety, his eyes glaring. The girl had never seen her father so strangely affected before.

"He's there, but where are they?" he questioned, his eyes still fixed upon the glimmering light. "There goes the rock-et!" and the old man was convulsed with emotion in every limb. "He knows now his danger. Hear that shot! They're on him! Up with the anchor, Jethro! It isn't our fault. Don't h'list a sail—let her drift down the river! Oh! Heaven have mercy on his soul!"

Exhausted, the old man sunk back in his chair and closed his eyes, wearily.

"Why, father, how strangely you talk," the girl exclaimed; "it is all imagination. You must be sick. Hadn't I better make you a strong cup of tea? Do come away from the window." With gentle force she raised the old man from the easy-chair and supported him to her seat by the center-table.

"Delie, I've been talkin' strangely, hain't I?" Embden said, suddenly.

"Yes; but you are not well, father," she said, gently.

"Yes, a little sick," he said, slowly. "Delie, dear eighty-one thousand dollars is a heap of money," he spoke reflectively.

"Yes, it is, father."

"Kin you reckon what the interest on it is for a year at six per cent?"

"Yes, father."

"Cipher it out, Delie; it's payable on demand, mebbe he'll come for it, who knows?" Closing his eyes wearily, Peleg Embden dozed off to sleep, while Delia sat and wondered who the person could be to whom her father owed eighty-one thousand dollars.

SINCLAIR PAXTON.

AFTER leaving the cottage Sinclair Paxton walked slowly down the street.

The intoxication of passion was still upon him; the soft perfume that clung like a charm to the person of the young girl, seemed still with him.

Like one in a maze he walked onward. Cool, clear-headed Sinclair was strangely agitated.

"Does she love me?" he murmured; "she is such a strange girl that it is difficult to tell. She would not let me go to-night when she thought that I was pained by her coolness. She gave herself up freely to my embrace although she denied me her lips. Time alone must solve the mystery. I wonder what my father, the deacon, would say if he knew how deeply I am interested in this girl, really a stranger of whom I know nothing? He will hear of it some day, and then there will be trouble. It seems to be my fate to annoy him."

"Hello, Sin, is that you?" cried a well-known voice, and Jerry Gardner advanced through the darkness.

"Yes; taking a walk, Jerry?" the young man answered.

"Wa-al, a leetle of that an' a leetle of somethin' else," Jerry answered, slowly.

"Say, Sin, which is your best 'olt,' runnin' or fightin'?" Jerry asked, suddenly.

Sinclair was astonished at the question.

"I really don't know," he said; "why do you ask such a question?"

"Cos there's trouble ahead. Do you know Jed Hollis?"

"The carpenter? I know him; what of it?"

"I suppose you know he's kinder sweet arter a certain young lady that works down in your mill?"

"Yes, I have heard a rumor to that effect," Sinclair said, quietly.

"Wa-al, Sin, I hope you won't think that I'm pokin' my nose into business that don't concern me, but I have heard that the young lady I spoke of just now, likes some body else as well as she does Jed Hollis, if not a darned sight better, an' of course it's natural that she should go t'arin' round 'bout it like a bob-tailed hoss in fly-time."

"Very natural," Paxton said, dryly.

"An' mafral, too, that he should threaten for to do all sorts of things."

"Yes; but if I know anything of Mr. Hollis, he's likely to say a great deal more than hell'd do."

"Right, there, by hokey!" Jerry exclaimed, emphatically. "But, Sin, he's as ugly as Satan to-night. He's been gitting outside of more good old rum than you could shake a stick at in a week. He heard that the young lady was out walking with a chap about your size to-night, and he's been swearin' fit to lift the shingles off a roof ever since. Now he's just drunk enough to make a break for you, Sin; fact, I think the pesky cuss is layin' in wait for you somewhere; so just keep your eyes 'round 'em. Just take a fool's advice an' don't let any one git too close to you in the dark."

"I am much obliged, Jerry, for your warning, but I trust that he will have better sense than to provoke an encounter with me," Paxton said, in his usually quiet way.

"He's covarin' round wuss than a yaller dog with a tin pan tied to his tail," Jerry said, with a grin. "He kinder thinks that he owns all Biddeford, you know. He's the bully of these parts. Sin, I'd give him a hull quarter of a dollar for to have you tan him good, once; might make a pretty decent feller out of him."

"I shall try to protect myself," Paxton replied, not a tinge of boasting in his tone or manner, but the light that shone in his eyes told of danger.

"Wa-al, good-night, Sin; don't let him get the first crack at you, for the cuss can hit like thunder," and with this parting warning Jerry went on his way.

"The signal!" said the girl, in wonder.

"Yes; don't you see it?"

"No."

"The light there?" and with a shaking finger the old man pointed out into the gloom.

"Oh, yes, I see that; it's in some cottage window."

"No, no, no!" cried the old man, hastily; "it's on the point. There goes the signal now—he's waving it round his head three times. Don't you see it move? Now Jethro, answer it. Vail our light once then again—that's twice, and that means all right."

Vainly Delia looked into the darkness; the light moved not; she saw that her father's mind was wandering.

"I can not see that the light has moved at all, father," she said, gently.

"Your eyes are not as keen as mine; you've not coasted from Cape Cod to the Penobscot twenty years as I have. There's the signal again! Answer it, Jethro!" he said, in feverish anxiety, his eyes glaring. The girl had never seen her father so strangely affected before.

"He's there, but where are they?" he questioned, his eyes still fixed upon the glimmering light. "There goes the rock-et!" and the old man was convulsed with emotion in every limb. "He knows now his danger. Hear that shot! They're on him! Up with the anchor, Jethro! It isn't our fault. Don't h'list a sail—let her drift down the river! Oh! Heaven have mercy on his soul!"

Exhausted, the old man sunk back in his chair and closed his eyes, wearily.

"Why, father, how strangely you talk," the girl exclaimed; "it is all imagination. You must be sick. Hadn't I better make you a strong cup of tea? Do come away from the window." With gentle force she raised the old man from the easy-chair and supported him to her seat by the center-table.

"Delie, I've been talkin' strangely, hain't I?" Embden said, suddenly.

SATURDAY JOURNAL.

3

"They must be my friends!" exclaimed Fred; "and if they are, I hope they will happen this way; but if they do not, I will have to look them up to-morrow."

"Oh!"

The exclamation burst simultaneously from the lips of Vida and Sylveen, for at this juncture a strange sound rushed athwart the darkness without—a sound that filled the trio with sudden alarm.

"What was it?" passed from lip to lip; but no answer could be given.

Fred arose and going to the door, looked out. All was silent, nor could a living object be seen. He grew uneasy, but he did not permit a look nor word to betray his thoughts or feelings.

They talked on, but were guarded and silent. The dark eyes of Vida looked trustingly and confidingly into those of her lover. Each glance spoke the language of love plainer than words could have done.

The moments wore on. Ralph did not return. The door stood ajar and the least sound floated in to their ears.

An ominous silence had settled around the place, but suddenly that strange sound broke upon their ears again—a sound like the flapping of great wings.

Vida and Sylveen sat alone, with wildly-throbbing hearts. Neither spoke; a silence as ominous as death settled around them.

All at once, as if actuated by a single impulse, both of the fair girls turned their eyes toward the curtained recess that Fred had occupied during his illness. Both were sure they had detected the low, suppressed breathing of something, either human or beast, behind that curtain.

They sat transfixed with imminent horror. There was an intuitive foreboding of some awful danger hanging around them. It struck them both as a gust of wind would have done.

They listened with their hands pressed upon their breasts to stifle their palpitating hearts. They were not mistaken—there was something breathing behind that curtain!

Terror is an awful agony to suffer. It blanches the cheeks, and causes the eyes to dilate, the lips to part and the breath to come hard.

Thus appeared the maidens. They sit with their eyes upon the curtain, unable to cry out, unable to move.

They see something touch the curtain—something dart through it. It is the glittering blade of a long knife. Then they see a downward flash—a rent is cut in the curtain, and—they see no more. There is a rush of feet. The light goes out. They are in darkness. The door is slammed violently shut. They are prisoners. And then a yell, that seems to issue in chorus from a thousand throats, makes the night hideous as it echoes and re-echoes in demoniac shrieks through the dark, wooded aisles.

Where now was Fred Travis? where was the young Scalp-Hunter? Alas! where, indeed?

CHAPTER XXVII.

TWO VILLAINS' COMPACT.

How long Pirate Paul and his men would have stood and gazed upon Vida St. Leger, enraptured by the sweet melody of her voice and the tones of her harp, there is no telling, had they not been suddenly startled by the report of fire-arms in the direction of the camp. Alarmed, they at once beat a hasty retreat, and reached camp to find it entirely deserted by all but three of their comrades who lay dead upon the ground.

Their surprise and indignation knew no bounds. Pirate Paul cursed himself for ever permitting so many of his men to leave the camp. He cursed the fair being whose sweet voice he had permitted to draw them away, and swore an oath of vengeance upon her.

That the camp had been attacked by whites, there was not a doubt, for the three dead men were unscalped. But while they stood lamenting, in oaths and execrations, over their misfortune, in loss of men and captives, a human figure emerged from the undergrowth and approached them. That he was human was all they could make of him, for he was incrustated in a layer of black mud and dirt from head to foot.

"What the devil is this? Who, or what are you?" asked Pirate Paul.

"I'm Griff Morton, I am," said the doltful figure.

"Fiends and furries! How came these men slain? How came you in such a plight? Who did it? Speak, Griff Morton."

The robber narrated the whole transaction—the attack of the Avengers, and his own adventure in the pool, though he turned the tables, and made himself the hero of that conflict.

Pirate Paul ground his teeth and swore with rage—swore that he would wreak a bloody revenge upon the agents of his loss. In the midst of his fury, an exclamation suddenly burst from the lips of one of his men. He had discovered a party of Indians approaching them, and no sooner did Pirate Paul see them, than a shout of joy burst from his lips, that was answered back by the savages.

The latter were Sioux, the party under Red Elk, with whom Pirate Paul was on intimate terms of friendship.

In a minute the two parties were together.

The three dead pirates at once attracted Red Elk's attention.

"Has Le Subtile Fox had trouble?" he asked.

"Yes; a pack of white hounds, calling themselves Avengers, attacked my camp while most of my men were absent, and slew three of the guard and escaped with two captive white squaws, one of which I intended for you a wife."

"It is bad," replied Red Elk; "the Avengers are cunning. Red Elk set a trap for them, but they were like the wolves that scent danger, and stole away. Death-Notch, too, is in the woods."

"Seen him lately?" asked Pirate Paul.

"But last night he arose from the heart of our camp-fire, as he arose in the council-lodge on the night of the storm, when he fled on the horse of Le Subtile Fox."

"He is a terrible creature, chief; and these Avengers will soon be more terrible than he. They must be hunted down and burned with fire."

"Le Subtile Fox speaks the truth."

"Then let us to work, chief. Shall we go together?"

"What does the white chief say is best?"

"Can you bend two bows as easy as one?"

"Red Elk is strong, but he can bend one bow easier than two."

"Then if we work together we'll be as two bows; we will be strong, and the enemy can not defeat us; but if we go separate, we'll be as one bow—easy bent."

"The white chief speaks the truth. Red Elk is willing to join hands with him."

Then from this moment let our vengeance begin. The settlements must fall; if we would reach the strong arm of our enemies."

"Le Subtile Fox should have been a red chief. His brain is quick. His mind is long and reaches far ahead. The white man's wigwams must fall; his horses be ridden away and his cattle slain; then he can not live as the red-man does in the open woods, and by his rifle and bow."

"Then we can begin our work near here. But a short distance away stands a little cabin that I never knew was in existence till to-day. It must be the home of some old trapper. There is a beautiful white squaw there. She would make Le Subtile Fox or Red Elk a nice wife."

"The white chief speaks truly. She is beautiful as an angel."

"Then you have seen her?"

"To-day my braves discovered their wigwam for the first time. A cunning pale-face lives there."

"Did you intend to destroy the cabin and capture the beautiful white girl?"

"When night makes everything into shadows, then will we strike. While the white squaw sung to her pale-face lover by the creek, four of my braves entered the cabin and concealed themselves. Le Subtile Fox can take the pale squaw for his slave. Red Elk wants only scalps."

"Ah, you mean business, chief," replied Pirate Paul, "and by the time we can bury these dead men, it will be dark—time to work—though I do not see why darkness is necessary for two score of Indians to capture a girl and two."

"If by waiting for darkness we can save the life of our warrior, it will be well to do so," replied the diplomatic Red Elk.

"Yes, yes, Red Elk, that's all true; but here, boys, let us perform the last sad rites for these poor devils, by putting them under the ground."

It required but a few minutes to inter the slain pirates in shallow graves, hollowed by means of knives and their hands; but by the time it was accomplished darkness had gathered over the forest.

Then these human demons took up their line of march toward the home of Ralph St. Leger.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 136.)

Saved by an Accident.

BY JENNIE DAVIS BURTON.

"Mrs. DELMAR!"

She started and looked about. The avenue was hushed into complete silence it had seemed. There were no lights in the tall buildings across the way, but a long gleam of moonlight glinted with ghostly whiteness over their stately proportions, and lay alternating with shadows below. She had been quiet, too, framed in the window where she stood, the regal head bowed, the hands clasped even her breath stilled, as she looked out upon the peace of the sleeping world. Would she ever know such peace—the quiet of content and rest?

Her stillness now was the stillness of restraint. She chafed under the bonds she had imposed upon herself. She turned her face—a wonderful face in which a history was written, but written in a language which no man could understand; a face still as if cut from stone, scarcely varied by flitting expressions, colorless, strong in its self-reliance, with dusky, unfathomable eyes where you caught a glimpse of the unsatisfied craving of the restless spirit held in check by that enforced calm of exterior.

"We miss the courteous attentions of a hostess below. Greatorex will sing only if he is accompanied by your magnificent contralto; Maxwell has been making efforts to declaim his own poems, but he lacks the inspiration of your presence; Buell is prosy where your tact makes him sufficiently endurable. Come, the mistress of the mansion must shine in the midst of her splendor—it would be a pity to hide such a glorious gift from such appreciative eyes. I am waiting, Mrs. Delmar."

She swept out to the center of the dimly-lighted room with the swinging, graceful strides which, in a woman, always call up the vivid, blood-curdling comparison of a leopardess, infuriated, yet cowering and submissive in the presence of its master. And this was her master in point of law as well as the pitiless exercise of his inflexible will over hers.

A clock somewhere rang out eleven strokes, and from below came a burst of boisterous laughter, a confusion of men's voices, a snatch of an Italian chorus which would have scarcely borne an interpretation into our plain English tongue, and silence again. A door had opened and shut, and it was into that men's kingdom below she was required to penetrate.

Whiter and harder grew her white, hard face, but a flash like a lurid light was a passion-flame in the depths of those luminous, unreadable eyes.

"It is just an hour until midnight, and I am weary beyond measure. Is there no limit to this exhibition? You should have gone to an Eastern market and bought a Circassian slave at once. I must beg you to excuse my absence this once—apologize to your friends if it be necessary, or tell them that even the most abject of slaves will rebel at times, as you like. If you said nothing they would never observe the single element of hospitality lacking, but I don't expect that much consideration."

"You underrate your importance. Not one I assure you but has noted your absence and commented upon it; not one but joined in the request for your appearance—and two certainly who are devoured by the desire of impatience and expectation, until your entrance fills the list of attractions promised them. Greatorex and Maxwell must not be disappointed. To please them, Mrs. Delmar."

"Whatever obligatory weight your wishes may convey, theirs can have none. To please them or any of those gathered below, I shall not appear to-night."

"Then to oblige me. Don't say me nay, I beg. I should be sorry to exercise my right to command in a matter so trifling."

"I can not endure this life—at midnight if you can—another proof of the true?"

"Had he known how innocent of any wrong were the missing links which he supplied as his jealous fancy dictated! It had read:

"I can not endure this life another day."

they may be, but not one with untainted sentiments and unsullied character. My portrait is in the drawing-room, Mr. Delmar; exhibit that and the result will be as satisfactory as my presence possibly can be."

"We are simply wasting time—time precious in the sight of Greatorex, inspiration, the very life of poetic sentiment to Maxwell. And to us it is nothing but unceas-

sary dailying."

With a step of advance and a swift gesture which in itself gave no hint of the cruelly tense clasp of the slender brown fingers closing over the hand which he drew within his arm, and she knew her resistance could be of no avail against his fixed per-

sistency of purpose.

She set her lips close, and one crimson

wave stained her face from neck to brow,

then let him lead her down the broad stair.

"Bought and sold—body and soul," she thought, in an agony of bitterness and despair. "And if he should give me one word or look of any thing except hatred; if he sought me with any intent except to humiliate me, I would be as much his slave

as he was."

She was like marble when, her hand still

within his arm, she entered the room where

a party of a dozen or more, all men, were

disposed as best suited their own individual

inclination or convenience.

"Without a waver of her drooping lids or a glance about,

she swept to her place at the instrument over which a tall blonde man was leaning.

This was Greatorex, who had once a suitor

of a star actress whom Delmar had married.

It was like marble when, her hand still

within his arm, she entered the room where

a party of a dozen or more, all men, were

disposed as best suited their own individual

inclination or convenience.

"Without a waver of her drooping lids or a glance about,

she swept to her place at the instrument over which a tall blonde man was leaning.

This was Greatorex, who had once a suitor

of a star actress whom Delmar had married.

It was like marble when, her hand still

within his arm, she entered the room where

a party of a dozen or more, all men, were

disposed as best suited their own individual

inclination or convenience.

"Without a waver of her drooping lids or a glance about,

she swept to her place at the instrument over which a tall blonde man was leaning.

This was Greatorex, who had once a suitor

of a star actress whom Delmar had married.

It was like marble when, her hand still

within his arm, she entered the room where

a party of a dozen or more, all men, were

disposed as best suited their own individual

inclination or convenience.

"Without a waver of her drooping lids or a glance about,

she swept to her place at the instrument over which a tall blonde man was leaning.

This was Greatorex, who had once a suitor

of a star actress whom Delmar had married.

It was like marble when, her hand still

within his arm, she entered the room where

a party of a dozen or more, all men, were

disposed as best suited their own individual

inclination or convenience.

"Without a waver of her drooping lids or a glance about,

she swept to her place at the instrument over which a tall blonde man was leaning.

This was Greatorex, who had once a suitor

of a star actress whom Delmar had married.

It was like marble when, her hand still

within his arm, she entered the room where

a

Saturday Journal

Published every Monday morning at nine o'clock.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 23, 1872.

The SATURDAY JOURNAL is sold by all Newsdealers in the United States and in the Canadian Dominion. Parties unable to obtain it from a newsdealer, or those preferring to have the paper sent direct, by mail, from the publication office, are supplied at the following rates:

Terms to Subscribers:

One copy, four months \$1.00

Two copies, one year 3.00

In a box, or subscription, be careful to give the address in full, State, County and city.

The paper is always stopped promptly, at expiration of subscription.

Copies will start with an unnumbered back number. The paper is always in print, so that those wishing for special stories can have them.

Canadian subscribers will have to pay 20 cents extra, to prepare American postage.

All communications, subscriptions, and letters on business should be addressed to BEADLE AND ADAMS, PUBLISHERS,

80 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

Our Arm-Chair.

Chat.—W. P. O'H. says of the JOURNAL: "I have been taking your paper for eight weeks and can say that it is the BEST WEEKLY PAPER ever published." A great many people, judging by the letters we get, and the press notices from all sections of the country, think the same.

—Mrs. H. B. C. asks for longer installments of the love stories, saying: "They are so good I can't bear to wait." Doubtless Mrs. C. would be happy to have the whole serial in one issue of the paper, but considering the necessity for variety, and the multitude of tastes we have to gratify, each issue must comprise liberal portions of several serials, besides short stories, essays, poems, etc., etc. We usually give larger installments of serials than any other of the popular weeklies; and besides, having our writers specially instructed as to our ideas of a good story, their romances are usually fully one-third shorter than the same writers would send to other papers, if they were writing for others. This gives great brilliancy and vigor to the narrative, and affords a rapid succession of new serials, which would be impossible if authors were permitted to be "long-winded" and prolix. As brevity speech is the soul of wit, so brevity in serial relation is the very soul of interest and heightened effect. Hence, our motto: "Short, sharp and incisive," and the result a success unprecedented in the history of popular journalism. Serial writers expecting to gain admittance to our pages must bear this in mind. We prefer a serial of twelve or thirteen installments to one of thirty, and yet expect the intrinsic excellence of the long serial in the short one.

—The Postal Card System, not yet introduced—will not prove a vast success, we surmise, because it utterly destroys all privacy in correspondence. A mere business order may be made on an open card, but even such orders the business man does not care to have read by every one. As to family correspondence by these cards, that is quite improbable. Our rates of postage are too cheap to induce even a beggar to write on an open page, in order to save two cents. The cards will be used chiefly in cities, in passing inquiries, making orders, etc., but, as a system it will not be popular, nor can it be remunerative to the Government.

—We certainly have no objections to ladies and gentlemen dressing as they please. If a young Miss of sixteen wants to look like a ballet-dancer when she parades the streets, it is her own, or her parents' business; or, if the same young lady prefers to dress in sober black and to wear a Sister of Charity hood, that is her own business, too. But, what is right personally, may be a wrong as applied to the many—that is, if it costs outrageously to dress a-la-mode, it is setting a bad example for persons of moderate means to ape the style of persons of large incomes. We know of women whose husbands have only moderate, or quite small salaries, yet who dress as if their income was at least five thousand a year. Of course there can be but one end to such folly—bankruptcy or crime. The right to dress is a private right, but it is not so personal and reserved that any one has a right to set a bad and foolish example. Hence, while we may not deny any lady's right to her diamonds, laces, furs and silks, we do question her privilege either to dress beyond her means, or to set an example for others to follow which will prove perfidious.

—The amount of a man's wit and learning by no means indicates his usefulness, since it is a fact that some of our veriest vagabonds are scholars, in the true acceptance of the term. We know, for instance—a German who is master of seven languages—has traveled the world over—has been the companion of eminent men—and yet he is, to-day, a walking bundle of rags, and will sing an obscene song for a glass of lager.

A case equally bad, perhaps worse, is that of the Irishman, Mortimer, whose recent death in a London hospital and burial in a Potter's Field, has been announced. He was master of at least a dozen modern tongues. In his youth he had been cabin-boy in an American bark, and subsequently became a medical student in Paris, but had to leave it on account of his connection with the June insurrection of '48. He was a very strong man, and utilized his strength by taking an engagement as a Hercules in a circus in Australia. By turns he gave lectures on Shakespeare through Germany, was a Greek professor at Hamburg, had a troop of Spanish baller-dancers in Holland, and was the companion of Sir William Don, the baronet-actor, in his wildest continental frolics. In his time he had been tutor to Charles Lever's children at Florence. He came to the surface one day in the employment of Tom Thumb; another in the company of Murphy, the Irish giant, who was a distant cousin. He had been in London since the Franco-Prussian war, which ruined him in fortune.

The lesson of such lives is self-evident—the greater the waste of attainments the more melancholy the life. A person's responsibilities really increase with the growth of their mental possessions, and he who not only makes no good use of attainments but prostitutes them to ignoble uses is equally an enemy to himself and to mankind. The young man with little learning, who makes good use of his faculties, is far more to be admired than he who, with much learning, makes a poor use of what he knows.

AN ADVERTISEMENT.

Did you ever look over your newspaper, kind friend, and read the strange advertisements therein? Singularity in some of them has often set my brain to thinking, especially those commencing with, "Whereas, my wife has left my bed and board, I

hereby forbid any one trusting her on my account," etc. I wonder why she did such a thing, and which of the two was the most to blame? It doesn't strike me that it is human nature for a woman to leave her husband without sufficient cause. When the man penned that advertisement, could he have forgotten the bygone days, when she, whom he was now exposing to the gaze of the crowds, was once his all-in-all? In the bygone halcyon times, had you told him that his marriage would lead to such a result, he would have said you were mistaken, if you were a woman, and would have knocked you down if you were a man.

Now, all this is forgotten; he can not remember that he ever loved her—that a word from her caused him happiness, or a tear gave him sorrow. Yes, and his memory is not good enough to bring to his remembrance how careful he was of her less she should take cold, or the time she was so sick, when he knelt by her bedside, and fervently prayed for her recovery. That is all blotted out, and she may wander about the streets barefooted and die in the poorhouse for aught he cares.

I am not going to exonerate the woman far from it. She may be far more to blame than her husband. Man is a rough sort of being, necessarily so from his contact with the great world, and a tender word from a woman has an immense power and influence over him; yet, does she always use it?

I will make no broad statements, but will merely relate a case that came under my own observation, and I know it to be truth.

As good a young fellow as ever lived married a girl whom he loved as dearly as his own existence, and the earlier portion of their married life was extremely happy—so much so that they were the envied of others. Business failed; the young man wandered the streets daily in pursuit of work, yet without avail. He was sad and dispirited. Now, his wife, instead of trying to cheer him up, exclaimed: "I do wish, Richard, you would get something to do, and not wear my very life out with this moping. Didn't I leave a good home to marry you? I can not live upon air; I haven't been accustomed to it."

What was the use of his telling her that he had tried hard for work? She would have added that there must be work of some kind to do. One word led to another, and she went home to live with her father, where she remains to this day. That all comes from her fretful and complaining disposition.

In another case, the husband was all to blame, for he was always snapping and snarling, and so mean and miserly that his wife shivered for want of good and warm clothes, and was almost starved to death. When she left him, he was magnanimous enough to advertise her, and nine out of every ten who read the warning blamed the woman, and allowed the man to go free.

When you marry, remember that your partner has as much right to an opinion as you have. Bear with each other the burdens of life; put away all peevishness and live for each other, and you'll save your advertising bill.

When a woman leaves her husband to run off with another man—then she deserves to be advertised, and I don't blame her husband one bit for doing it.

EVE LAWLESS.

Foolscap Papers.

Another Letter from Dr. Livingstone.

JULY, Nov. 15, 1871.

MY DEAR WHITEHORN:

Through the kindness of Mr. Stanley's express, I am enabled to communicate with you, who, I have no doubt, are by this time the President of the United States, and will glad to hear of your constituents in this part of the world. They are not, as you may suppose, white. The only way you can get an idea of their complexion is to take 75 parts of lamp-black, 10 parts of pitch, 10 parts of ink and 5 parts of stovewood soap, and mix them together on some dark midnight, and then look at the compound through a piece of smoked glass or with your eyes shut. You can make a pretty good guess then.

They are called the "Lost Tribes of Africa," from the fact that every traveler among them has lost every thing he had, and occasionally his life, at their hands. Their hair is cut off the same piece as their complexion, and is not straight, as you imagine, but so kinky that if a comb should accidentally get into it, it would have to be taken out in sections, and it is greased and scented with butter which Sampson himself couldn't wrestle, and warranted to knock a man down fourteen times before he can ever get up once. The consequence is they are terribly in war.

In battle they form their lines and instead of charging bayonets they charge heads and rush at each other with terrific force. It is a striking scene, for each man is a regular battering-ram. They never injure their heads, but they often have their limbs jarred off in this way.

Their mouths hide the largest part of their countenances, and when one gapes you can't see any part of his head and very little of his body. Indeed, their mouths are the largest vacuums ever left by nature. If any one in the Makolola tribe has feet less than twenty-six inches long he is doomed to die; so, if a man is lying down you would imagine he was standing up, on a cloudy day.

They are purely honest, and would sooner have their heels cut off than to steal one of their neighbor who hadn't one to steal; and they are such tender-hearted and humane people that I never saw one of them go to kill his grandmother that didn't first pat her on the head and affectionately shake hands with her.

The females do all the work while the males are engaged in the pursuit of sleep, and they think almost as much of their wives as they do of their dogs.

They are splendid tradesmen, and no matter how close the man is they trade with them always get a reasonable price for their children, which are about their only stock in trade, and there is not a man among them, I can affirm, who would be mean enough to part with his beloved wife for any thing less than a piece of red calico—they would scold to part with them cheaper than that.

One of their fashion reporters writes to the *Uganda Weekly Thoroughfare* thus:

"The costumes for the present season promise to be very recherche, and a little more of it than the last season, by the addition

of an extra stripe of white over the eyebrows, cut bias. Two rings in the nose will be the rage among the ladies, and their teeth will be filed to sharper points than ever.

Poised sticks will be worn through holes in the upper lip as usual, but will be longer and larger than heretofore. There seems to be one or two ladies who affect the extreme in styles, who will augment their costumes by wearing a patch on the left cheek, but they are looked upon with derision by every body who hates extravagance. All the better class of ladies are having their left ears cut off, which is very unique, and is considered perfectly stunning. The more wealthy females that can afford it, have the right eye gouged out and three fingers cut from the left hand. A few are not so economical but go further and have their heads shaved close, but, we must say, this fashion won't have many followers.

The gentlemen will be clothed in a little more paint this season than usual, and a few will go so far as to have their fingernails cleaned and their faces washed with water, but the majority will merely rub their faces with beef-fat, and the more fleshy won't have many followers.

"The tables of the refined, human cutlets will be the prominent dish; lizards and snakes for the second course, and grasshoppers for the dessert."

They do not know the luxury of boiled soap, and when I presented the king of Kisawahitis with the only cake but one that I had, he was so pleased that he offered me thirteen of his wives, which I declined. He ate it up.

The men are very brave, and not more than fifty of them will run from one white man. Their prisoners in battle are excellently quartered—drawn and quartered, and afford excellent food for conversation and eating. They are such harmless creatures that they won't kill an ox, but tenderly cut their steaks from the living animal while it runs about in the enjoyment of health, and so they keep on cutting pieces of it until there is nothing left but the skeleton to browse.

The people of Unyanyembe live altogether on the delicious fruit, surnamed wild onions.

At Manyema the elite of the city could be seen of an evening taking their airing on prancing oxen, while the king's turn-out consists of a rail on the shoulders of two men. This king signs his name to state documents by putting his dirty foot on them, and it may be said his signature is very legible. He blows his nose on a boot-jack, and was so glad to see me that he wanted to eat me up on the spot. He doesn't keep a tailor, either. When I presented him with a paper collar, turned, he arrayed himself in it and seemed quite happy.

What strikes me the most is, the people don't wear stockings—in fact, they go barefooted and think nothing of it. I would be ashamed of themselves. Can't you send them some neckties, which stand in great need of, and a ship-load of ice-cream? and a quantity of musketo-bars to clothe them?

The mercury to-day is 299 in the shade; brass buttons melt, and I subscribe myself,

WARMLY YOURS,

WOMAN'S WORLD.

Women in the Tea Trade.—Vapor Stores and Gas Irons.—The Embroidery-Machine and Bowls Safe.—Answer to Correspondents.

WHILE looking over the bill of fare at one of our most elegant and fashionable Broadway restaurants a few days since, my eye was arrested by the words "Mandarin Tea." I smiled, for that same item on the bill of fare evoked a visionary "WOMAN'S WORLD" of a very different character from that I have tried to insist was the true sense of the word of the sex.

No one will dare to say that adventurous and excellent woman, Susan A. King, who penetrated and traversed the whole Celestial empire in quest of the real Mandarin tea, found it and brought back a cargo of it to this western world, placing the control of its sale in the hands of working women, has thrown herself out of the Woman's World by that most unusual exercise of a woman's right to do the duty which seemed nearest to her.

While Anna Dickinson, with her golden oratory, is thrilling the political pulses of the hour with the question, "Is the war ended?" an enterprise is going quietly on that makes Wall street stare, and attracts the attention and respectful admiration of her capitalists and business men.

A beautiful bark of four hundred and forty-eight tons, bearing as her figure-head the bust of "MADAME DEMOREST," the lady President of the Woman's Tea Company, loaded at Pier No. 9, East River, foot of Wall street, with a cargo for Australia, spreads her white wings, and is now on her way to China, via Sidney, and will return with a cargo of Mandarin tea, exclusively for the Woman's Tea Company. This ship was purchased, paid for and fitted out by the capital of the company. These facts speak for themselves more eloquently in woman's defense, when circumstances draw her, in the discharge of duty, out of the home circle, more than volumes of written matter.

To turn from this outside view of the "Woman's World" to the inner one, I will call the attention of housekeepers and mothers to a beautiful little portable vapor stove I have seen cook a complete meal, without wood or coal; doing the whole business of baking, roasting, boiling, broiling and stewing; making no smoke, no smell, no ashes, nor dust, at an expense of about one cent an hour. It burns naphtha, can be lighted in a moment, and is easily extinguished. It can be carried from one room to another while burning, and in hot weather can be used out of doors.

Another novelty of the passing moment is that of the "Toilet Smoothing-iron," an invention which furnishes an ordinary saladin iron, which can be brought into effective use without the necessity of a coal or wood fire, or the expensive gas-heating stove, such as is generally used for this purpose. It is made hollow; can be placed over an ordinary gas burner or common lamp, and being heated from the inside, it will not soil or smoke the finest fabric.

As these irons are nickel-plated, they never rust. They are of several sizes, costing from one dollar to three dollars apiece. Gentlemen use them for smoothing their hats; ladies find them invaluable for toilet purposes, when in a hurry to smooth their lace, ribbons, or fine handkerchiefs, scarfs, etc.; while in the sewing-room they are invaluable.

Those who love to see their little ones' garments covered with embroidery will be pleased to learn that an embroidery machine has been invented, and patented in Europe and the United States. It works with any kind of thread, on any material—tulle, muslin, cambric, cloth, woolen, cotton and silk fabrics, and leather. It is one on which the most intricate designs can be executed without turning the material, as it is fed by a "universal feed motion," which works in any direction. The operator does not even touch the cloth, and the machine runs at a rate per minute of six hundred stitches by hand, and twelve hundred by power!

Among the costly and pretty things brought out especially for ladies who can and ought to afford such a thing, is a "Boudoir Safe," which is an elegant piece of furniture on a highly ornate pedestal, intended to stand in the dressing-room, and which every lady who wears diamonds and costly jewelry should have, as a protection for her valuables against sneak-thieves, dishonest servants, and workmen sometimes employed in the house.

Readers and Contributors.

To Contributors: No Address—No MSS. received that are not duly prepaid in postage.—No MSS. preserved for future reference—Unavailable MSS. promptly returned only when state accompanying the inclosure, for such return—No correspondence of any nature is permissible in a package marked as "Book MS."—MSS. which are imperfect are not used or wanted. In all cases our choice rests first upon "poor" or "second hand," upon excellence of MSS. as "copy"; MSS. unimpeachable to us are well worthy of use—All unperformed and popular writers will find as ready way to give their offerings early attention.—Correspondents must look to this column for information in regard to contributions. We can not write letters except in special cases.

We will find room for "A Musical Prodigy."

"Saved by an Accident;" "The Bank Clerk's Crime;" "A Planche Story;" "Yesterday and To-morrow;" "Song Slaves;" "Tell Me;" "Makuen Kindness;" "Song Slaves;" "All Alone;" "Overshadowed."

Those MSS. in hand not reported on will receive early consideration. We try not to let matter submitted accumulate.

The following are respectfully declined: "Tom Brown's Portion;" "The Catlin's Fox;" "A Ballad of Ballads;" "Old Habits;" "The Kite;" "A Rare Bird;" "Tusks;" "A Money Box;" "Lettice, the Lame Girl;" "A Widow's Wiles;" "No, To-day, To-morrow, Forever;" "If She Only Would;" "A New Look;" "Wood;" "The Tinner's Pipe;" "A Ring of Stars."

CELA S. V. S. We can not write, especially as you inclose no stamp.

NED BURTON. Never address a young lady as madame; nor write to a lady without her consent to a correspondence. You of course can ask that concern be sent by letter.

DEATH-NOTICE. Washing your hands in warm water, with glycerine soap, will make them white.

S. C. U. Our club terms are given in the business card at the head of the first column of this page. No blank "form" is necessary in canvassing. The paper itself is the best thing to use to show subscribers at the regular rates, your commission is then very liberal.

NELLY L. Some of your queries in regard to jewelry are answered in our "Woman's World." We may add, *bagues* jewelry is vulgar. We know it to be true that *bagues* are made of brass, and are almost wholly worthless. Never buy a watch or an irresponsible party. Rogues flourish on the credulity of some people.

V. G. We can not give you the processes of photographing, etc., etc. We are, however, in possession of a good camera, and a good photographic studio, and can teach you how to take sun pictures. The art, at some near day, will doubtless be simplified that every person can "take pictures."

HORASIER. We know that a good Geneva watch is capital timepiece, but numerous watches sold as of the Geneva Watch Company's manufacture are almost wholly worthless. Never buy a watch or an irresponsible party. Rogues flourish on the credulity of some people.</

NO MORE! NO MORE!

BY ST. ELMO.

The scene leaves lie in countless showers
Upon the withering lap of earth,
While faded are the forest flowers,
And the sun sets and angles his ray.

No more their song will sing—
The crystal dew-drop's fragrant breath,
But frozen tears will rudely skip
Athwart their features, pale in death.

The little birds whose joyous notes
First woke the dreamer from his sleep,
Those little warblers whose fair throats
Sweet vigils of the morning keep—

But now their song will never stir
To climes where southern zephyrs blow—
To rise and greet the morning star—
With music's soft and mellow flow.

The grim old forest clothed in fire,
With here and there a greenish flame,
In gaudy-colored rich attire;
A picture seen in Nature's frame;

But soon disrobed their garments lie
Fragments on the gloomy earth,
While far above, the heaven sky,
Looks down on them with solemn mirth.

A soon too soon, stern Winter's king
With scaly scepter high once more,
And frozen chalices—
To drap the hills and valleys o'er;

But soft-browed Spring with gentle voice
Will snatch him from the ice-bound throne,
And then all Nature will rejoice
To see the haughty tyrant gone.

Her Reward.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

ROY CARNOVAN and Alice Wayne sat down under the apple-tree by the gate, in the June afternoon, and talked together. The sun lay over the wide, green meadows in yellow splendor. Crimson clover blossoms nodded in the wind, and paid tribute to the day in incense sweeter than myrrh. Robins twirled to each other overhead in the leafy branches, about their nests, and the prospective cherry crop most likely, and the blue birds sailed up and away through the soft air, with a trill of song bubbling out from their little throats. It was a beautiful day; a day for love to work its spell in, on young and happy hearts, and Roy Carnovan and Alice Wayne felt the influence of the scene, as they sat there under the apple-tree, in the summer-sweet weather, and talked together earnestly.

"And so you think you love me well enough to make me your wife?" she said.

"I do not think, I know," he answered.

"You do not doubt me?"

"No, I do not doubt you; you are sincere in your belief that you love me; but have you thought the matter over well?"

"I haven't thought any thing about it, only that I love you," he answered. "What is there to think more about it?"

"There are many things to think of," she answered, slowly. "Marriage is not for a day, nor a week, but for a lifetime. I am older by two years than you are. I am different from you in many ways. Do you think you could love me well enough to overlook my faults, and that you would never regret linking yourself for life to such a shy, plain thing as I am?"

"I love you," he said, in a lover's impatience. "That answers all your questions and puts all further argument out of the way. If you love me, as I care for you, you will trust me, Alice. You remember what Tennyson says:

"Trust me all in all, or not at all."

"I will trust you," she said, and put her hands in his.

He kissed her tenderly, believing that he could never be unworthy of her trust, and that was their betrothal.

"I remembered that you told me once, dear friend, that I might always look to you for help, if I needed it. Our friendship was a strange one. You were hardly a woman grown, then, and I was a woman who had her children about her knee. I need your help now, if I ever did. My husband died two years ago, and all my children, save one—the eldest, Nathalie, now a girl of seventeen. And now I am dying. I feel that I can not stay on earth long. My physician tells me that the change may come at any moment. I have no one to look to for help in this hour of need, unless I turn to you. The memory of your promise to always be my friend came back to me yesterday, and I resolved to write to you. Will you take Nathalie? She will have enough to support her comfortably. Only give her a home, and care for her. Will you take her? or must I leave her to the care of strangers?"

This appeal, coming from an old friend, touched Alice Wayne deeply. Those to whom she gave her friendship once held it ever afterward.

She wrote to the woman who was drawing near to death that she would take her child and care for it as for a sister.

And by and by, after the change had come to Nathalie's mother, Nathalie came to her. It was a warm September day when she reached her new home. Alice and Roy Carnovan stood on the veranda when the carriage set her down at the gate. An odd, butterfly sort of girl, dark and spirited, and full of fiery Southern blood, they saw at once, the moment they looked into her face. She ran up the steps to Alice, who had turned forward to meet her.

"You are aunt Alice," she cried. "I know, because mamma told me how you looked. She told me to call you aunt Alice. May I?"

"If you want to," Alice answered, but the title made her feel strangely old. She had never felt her twenty-seven years so much before.

Roy Carnovan's eyes were full of admiration for the girl, who was so entirely different from any he knew; there was the charm of novelty about her; of piquant originality. Every movement was as careless and full of grace as bird's. She was evidently unused to the restrictions of society, and was, therefore, as artless and natural in all she said and did as a child. Indeed there was a certain childish waywardness about her, at times, that made one forget her seventeen years.

Her coming brought a change with it to Alice Wayne's home. It had been quiet and still there before. Now the girl's gay voice rung out in song at early morning and late at night. She flashed through the rooms like a bright little humming-bird. She was here, there, everywhere. Gay, thoughtless, vivacious, she made Alice think of a sunny April morning, liable to cloud over and bring rain before noon; for, with all the girl's gayety there would come strange, restless, morose moods, when she was not a very pleasant companion. She was fickle and

changeable. Alice liked people who were steadfast.

Roy Carnovan came to Waynesford often, after Nathalie came there. The piquant, fiery creature interested him. He liked to study her. He had a liking for gayety, and, in contrast with Alice's quiet ways, he put Nathalie's vivaciousness and exuberant overflow of spirits.

I don't think it a good sign when a man gets to contrasting the woman he is engaged to with some other woman. The chances are ten to one that he decides that the woman he is not engaged to is superior in some respects to the woman he is engaged to. It is human nature, I suppose, but I don't like to see it. He should make his comparisons before becoming engaged, I think. He should satisfy himself that he is, and will be, perfectly satisfied with the woman he chooses before he goes so far as to speak of marriage to her.

Roy and Nathalie were much together. Alice saw how intimate they were, but she had faith in Roy for a long time before she had any doubts of him. But by and by little doubts began to creep into her heart, no matter how resolutely she tried to keep them out, and a little doubt is like a little leaven.

And she had cause to doubt the faithfulness of her lover. He neglected her. He lingered at Nathalie's side, and came and went at Nathalie's bidding. When Nathalie was about, he seemed ill at ease; restless; lost; when Nathalie came his restlessness was gone; he found himself at once.

Alice had to acknowledge the truth to herself at last. This girl whom she had given a home to had won away her lover.

She saw that Roy chafed at the bonds that bound him, and she broke them in twain one day and gave him back his freedom.

"I know I shouldn't like to stand in the waiting-maid's shoes."

"But, lawk-a-me! It's a'most time for

you took, when you asked me to be your wife. You had not thought about what you were doing. Thank God, it is not too late to undo it. I give you back your ring, and—you are free!"

Roy Carnovan took his ring, wondering if this quiet woman had ever loved him. It was not in his nature to comprehend the depth and strength of a love like hers.

It was not long before Nathalie wore the ring Alice had worn, and in the spring she became Roy Carnovan's wife.

And then Roy Carnovan began to understand what a solemn thing marriage is. He found out, when it was too late, that the woman he had wedded was not capable of making him happy. We tire of superficialities; and he found that Nathalie was thoroughly superficial. She had none of the deeper, finer feelings of life. She was all show and glitter. An ornament, whose novelty soon wore off. They had not been married six months, before he was thoroughly tired of her. There was nothing congenial between them. They had hardly a taste in common. When he humored her capricious fancies, she was like a pleased child. When he thwarted her in any thing, she was sullen and ungovernable. He soon learned that the only way to keep peace, was to let her do as she pleased.

He sees Alice Wayne sometimes, and he contrasts her with his wife; he knows now that he could have been happy with her, for she is not a woman to change like the wind. You see her to-day, and you know that she will be the same to-morrow.

But a barrier is between them, that he may not cross—the gulf his own hands built.

And Alice; she is not a woman to spend the time in bewailing what can not be helped.

She misses something out of her own life that would have made it brighter than it is, and she pities Roy Carnovan for the mistake he made, but she has a life-work to do, and she does it bravely and well, and trusts God for the future.

Madame Durand's Protégés;

OR,

THE FATEFUL LEGACY.

BY MRS. JENNIE DAVIS BURTON,
AUTHOR OF "STRANGELY WED," "CECIL'S DE-
CEIT," "ADRIA THE ADOPTED," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVII.

FOLLOWING A CLUE.

The man explained that he had been sent in place of the gardener who came two days in every week to keep the grounds in repair. His name was Blair, and he had received his instructions from the gardener, who was suffering from an attack of rheumatism. It was late in the day, but if he could clear the vegetable beds before dusk, he thought to-morrow would suffice to put the flowers and walks into order.

Jean conducted him out to the plot of kitchen garden, where she was going with a great china bowl in her hand to gather strawberries for dessert.

"It's not much that's to be done," said the girl. "The air is sort of bleak up here, and the old madame generally had the vegetables grown down at the village. Pearled as though she never could find place enough for her flowering plants, let alone cumbering the ground with kitchen truck. Been along with Cranston much afore this?"

No, he was a stranger in the village and only took up the job for a day or two. Wasn't much used to the work and didn't know as he would like, but if he was employed there and in such pleasant company, he'd be a'most willing to go into a contract and serve faithfully as Jacob did for seven years, if another seven weren't to be tacked to the end of 'em and he was sure of the reward he'd be thinking of asking for.

"Oh, Lor!" said Jean, simpering. "Seven year ain't nothing to stay in a good place. Folks often go longer without the promise of more than they honestly earn, at that. There's Mr. Johnston has lived at the manse for over forty year, and I was brought up in the service as you might say."

Blair had heard the talk down at the village as how the madame had left a little remembrance to all of them in her employ; very generous of her, some said, but for his part he didn't see as she could have put it to any better use. Some folks paid that sort of conscience-money for not being considerate as they might have been while they were alive.

"Oh, madame was always good enough, for that matter; she had odd turns and was awful set, but she never put upon us as she did on them as came nearer to being of her own sort. We might be the worse off for her loss, only that Miss Mirabel's to be the mistress."

Mirabel must have been very fond of

Mirabel to have left her the estate, Blair suggested.

"Oh, it wasn't left to her, but to Mr. Valere, on condition that he should marry Miss Durand. We all thought that it would be left to the other young lady, to Miss St. Orme, and no one knew till the will was read how it was to go. Madama had never been fond of any one unless it were that shy Ross, who managed to put herself into the old mistress' good graces; she was found out at the last, though no one knew exactly how. Anyway, there'd been a dreadful scene"—so the kitchen authorities, none of them inclined to be lenient to poor Milly, had surmised—"Ross was sent away from the madame's room in disgrace, and so angry she were that she went a-threatening of the madame's life."

"Only an idle threat, of course," said Blair.

Jean shook her head with mysterious sombreness.

"Folks do say as how madame came to her death quite too suddenly; the doctors had their suspicions too, though they kept very quiet over 'em, and let the whole master drop, which I say isn't according to the duty of Christian folk. Who's to know but that the rest of us, what a certain body might get a spite against, sha'n't go in the same way the madame did?"

"Anyway, it was known that the mistress wouldn't have Ross wait on her after finding of her out, witnessing which, I was called to take her place. But the very night she died, when I was out of the way, Ross pushed herself into madame's room, and the next thing that's known my aunt, who is a housekeeper here, is a screaming out that the madame is dead."

"I know I shouldn't like to stand in the waiting-maid's shoes."

"But, lawk-a-me! It's a'most time for the bell, and all these berries to be hulled yet. If you'll come to the kitchen when you're through, I'll see that you have some good strong cider from the cellar, Mr. Blair."

"I'd rather take a sip from those beautiful lips," retorted the gallant swain.

And Jean, with a coquettish toss of her head and flirt of her starched skirts, tripped away toward the manse.

No sooner was she gone than the gardener's substitute dropped the implement with which he was working, and vaulting over the low hedge, pursued his way under the shadow of the orchard rows to the thick growth of pine woods beyond.

Once in their depths a wonderful transformation took place. The slouched hat was flung aside, and the flaming red wig came with it. The violent application of a handkerchief saturated with the contents of a little flask from his pocket, removed all traces of the florid complexion. The rough coat came off, disclosing a blouse of light cloth beneath it, and there stood the younger of the two night passengers who had come to recruit themselves amid the rural sports of rugged Fairview.

He gathered up the articles of apparel he had just discarded, and thrusting them into the covered basket which was awfully a receptacle for the expected spoils of the finny persuasion, turned in the direction of the village.

When Ware returned to the office after his visit to the manse, he found Mr. Thancroft waiting impatiently for his appearance.

The lawyer had been engaged all the morning over the private papers of Madame Durand, and among them he had come upon sundry receipts for sums of money paid to one Heloise Vaughn, and in the very bottom of the box was a letter, the paper of which was yellow and the ink pale with age. It was only a few lines, formal and business-like, acknowledging a favor from madame, and announcing the well-being of "the child." It was dated from Lyle Ridge, seventeen years before.

Mr. Thancroft's hand trembled with agitation as he folded the paper which had given him the first clue. "The child" he knew could be none other than the disinherited son of Jules Durand. His determination was taken in a moment, but he studied long over the best means of pursuing it.

The lawyer had been engaged all the morning over the private papers of Madame Durand, and among them he had come upon sundry receipts for sums of money paid to one Heloise Vaughn, and in the very bottom of the box was a letter, the paper of which was yellow and the ink pale with age. It was only a few lines, formal and business-like, acknowledging a favor from madame, and announcing the well-being of "the child." It was dated from Lyle Ridge, seventeen years before.

Ware stared when his employer met him with a request that he should provide himself with a change of linen, and proceed directly to Lyle Ridge.

"I want to learn the present whereabouts of a woman named Heloise Vaughn who resided there seventeen years ago," he explained. "You may have some difficulty in tracing her after this lapse of time; if necessary go further, and do not stir yourself upon the matter of time if you find any grounds to work up the search. I would go myself, but there is an important reason why I should not be absent from Fairview for even a few hours, and North can not be spared from his regular duties. How soon can you be ready to start?"

"In a couple of hours," answered Ware.

"The sooner the better. I will supply you with the requisite funds, of course."

Ware took his way to his apartments to prepare for his journey.

"What does the old fox want of Heloise Vaughn?" he asked himself, as he sat about packing a small valise with such articles as he might need during a limited absence.

"How would he take it, I wonder, if he knew that I could give him the information he's after without stirring a step on the wild-goose chase he'll find it, taking his plan of action?"

"Oh, yes, Mr. Thancroft, I could give you surer information of the whereabouts of Heloise Vaughn than you'll be apt to find by following her erratic courses. But I'll not throw away this rare chance for a holiday; I'll take the time to mature the plan which shall aid me in winning beauteous Mirabel; I'll spend your money as pleases me best, you old guy of a lawyer; and meantime I'll make up my mind whether or not to give you that same information regarding the woman, Heloise Vaughn."

"One thing is patent to me, that she has no desire to communicate with you; so now what croquet are you setting about to unravel that must needs have her at the bottom of it?"

In the hurry of his preparations for his unexpected journey, Lucian Ware utterly forgot the little gold-tubed vial he had commissioned Ross to obtain for him, and two hours later he left Fairview, determined to take at least a week from the irksome duties pertaining to the office.

It grew dusk without, and lights were afame within the manse that same evening. The dinner had been delayed for some reason, and the party of four were lingering over the dessert, when there came a sharp double knock, followed in a moment by the tramp of men's feet in the paved hall.

Mirabel must have been very fond of

Ross was in the housekeeper's room, trimming a mourning-cap for Mrs. Briggs. She started to her feet in nervous alarm as the door fell back and two civil but determined-looking men advanced to confront her. They were the sheriff of the district and a single constable.

The butler, uncertain yet of the precise nature of their mission, hastened with a troubled face to call Valere. And the little party just leaving the dining-hall came upon this scene visible through the open door of the housekeeper's room:

The constable with his strong hand laid firmly upon the shoulder of shrinking, trembling Milly Ross, and the sheriff reading about the warrant of her arrest on suspicion of having poisoned Madame Durand.

<p

SATURDAY JOURNAL

the truth of what she knew his answer would be.

"If you were penniless, Mirabel, I would offer you my whole heart's love and prove it by a lifetime's evidence."

She went close to him and laid her small fair hand upon his sleeve.

"Then we will follow the line of our duty and be happier for having done so. No tithe shall stand between us, Erne."

There was no mistaking the tender lights of the deep dark eyes, the softening curves of the rare, proud countenance.

"You love me? Oh, Mirabel!"

His strong arms closed her in, and with heart beating back to heart, lip answering to lip, their betrothal vow was recorded—the register of truth between them until death was fixed beyond the power of coming trial to wipe it out.

Mirabel released herself from his close embrace and drew him to a place beside her, presently.

"Let me tell you what my sacrifice must be to leave me worthy of such devotion as yours," said she.

"Oh, sweet!" interrupted Erne, reproachfully, but she closed his lips with her dainty hand.

"Dear heart, I have loved you from the first, but nothing except your unwavering honor and noble resolve could have ever won me. I shall come to you, my love, without one single penny of madame's bequest. Will you not even yet disdain such a poverty-stricken bride?"

"It is only you I want, my Mirabel."

"Then this is what I shall do, true love:

"All those rare priceless jewels properly belong to the Durand inheritance, and they shall be included in the assignment of the estate and personal property to Jules Durand's son."

"And the thirty thousand dollars, madame's legacy to me, I will make over to Fay St. Orme upon my marriage-day."

"And I shall love you so faithfully, sweet, that you shall never know the privations you are taking it upon yourself to brave," cried Erne, in a rapture of delighted admiration.

Their perfect bliss was alloyed by a remainder of terrestrial things, through the return of Mr. Thancroft in a glow of entire satisfaction. He had taken a peep in through the window to make sure of the state of affairs arrived at, and to him their decision was straightway imparted.

In vain the lawyer raved and remonstrated against the resolve which Miss Durand had taken. She was firm, immovable.

And, despite his annoyance over this, Mr. Thancroft seemed to walk upon air as he trod the steep path down the mountain.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 134.)

The Red Scorpion: THE BEAUTIFUL PHANTOM.

BY A. P. MORRIS, JR.
AUTHOR OF "FLAMING TALEMAN," "BLACK CROWES,"
"HOODWINKED," "HERCULES, THE
HUNCHBACK," "PEARL OF PEARLS,"
ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIII. JUST IN TIME.

WHEN Lorilyn St. Clair beheld the fierce visage of her persecutor at the open trap, icy fears crept over her, and she seemed riveted, as if by some wicked fascination, to her position.

More, the threatening gestures made by Carew told her that her alarms were well-grounded.

He was seeking her. By some chance he had discovered the secret room overhead, and was using it as a means of ingress to her apartment. Perhaps he had expected to find her asleep? If such was the case, what dire motive brought him to this sanguinary intrusion?

All this flashed through her brain; a weakness of heart and limb, such as she had never felt, now seized her—the agony of a mind whose depths contained but one fearful surmise: this man meditated some foul act, and she, cowering involuntarily there, was menaced by a deadly peril.

"Make no noise, Lorilyn St. Clair. By the Eternal! if you cry out, I'll brain you, without a chance for prayers!"

The horrible words aroused her.

"Vincent Carew, what do you mean by this?" she demanded, compressing her bloodless lips, though her voice nearly broke in the effort.

"Wait till I get to you, and you'll learn. Hold the rope, Dyke."

"Yes, master; I've got it tight."

"Back, Vincent Carew!—back!" as he began slowly to descend, by means of the knotted strips.

"Back, you say! Ha! ha! ha! my pretty bird, you mistake your man. Quiet, now."

"Villain! what would you—"

"Quiet, I tell you. That sweet mouth of yours may get you into dangerous trouble. But hold your tongue."

He was half-way down.

"What do you want here? What do you seek?"

"I seek you, Lorilyn St. Clair; and what I want I'll make known presently."

"Wretch!"

She gave the door-knob a wrench, and pulled with all her strength. But it yielded not. Then the truth burst upon her: she was a prisoner.

Carew laughed mockingly when he saw her attempt to open the door.

In another moment he dropped lightly to the floor.

Why did she not cry out for help, despite his curling threat? Something choked in her throat. Her voice refused its office. Pale with a nameless terror, she gazed into the sinister countenance confronting her, and trembled for herself, as she tried to read the grim smile resting there.

"So, Lorilyn St. Clair, we're alone for an interview—oh, you needn't pull at the door; I took the precaution to fasten it, on the outside, before I showed myself to you. Again, I tell you to make no noise, or dread the consequences of such a thing. I am not to be trifled with," pushing up his shirt-sleeves while he spoke.

There was a sardonic gleam in his eyes. He drew nearer to her.

"Keep off, Vincent Carew!"—waving him back with an almost nerveless hand. "Keep off, I say! What is your cowardly mission?"

"I'll tell you that. You've made up your mind not to marry me—haven't you?" "Before high Heaven, yes! I would not marry you—even if I dared."

"Dared, eh?"

"Vincent Carew!—hear!—I could tell you something that would force you to give up this mad purpose!"

"You couldn't tell me any more than I know already."

"Ah!"

"Yes; I know. You're my half-sister."

"Who told you that? Who was it?" she cried, painfully; for she had hoped he might never learn of their relationship.

"No matter who, I know, and that's enough," with a leer that distorted his face to devilish ugliness. "But, hark ye: I've not ceased to love! Do you understand?"

"I've not ceased to love! Even now, I am on fire—I am burning!" My veins are swelling with their heat! At this moment you are in my power! I am wicked—I know it; and I guess you've discovered it. With my wickedness to hide conscience, what advantage could I not take? Do you hear, Lorilyn St. Clair?—you are in my power!"

A clammy grasp was upon her heart. Things in her vision swam dizzy.

"Merciful Heaven, make me from this! But, even the short prayer died whispering on her lips, and she looked at him helplessly.

"You love Oscar Storms!" he hissed. "But, you shall never be his bride, if you can not be mine!"

"Vincent Carew, there is murder in your glance!"

"You want to know why I am here? Listen: it is to make you promise—ay, to make you swear, that you'll not marry him!"

"It is only you I want, my Mirabel."

"Then this is what I shall do, true love:

"All those rare priceless jewels properly belong to the Durand inheritance, and they shall be included in the assignment of the estate and personal property to Jules Durand's son."

"And the thirty thousand dollars, madame's legacy to me, I will make over to Fay St. Orme upon my marriage-day."

"And I shall love you so faithfully, sweet, that you shall never know the privations you are taking it upon yourself to brave," cried Erne, in a rapture of delighted admiration.

Their perfect bliss was alloyed by a remainder of terrestrial things, through the return of Mr. Thancroft in a glow of entire satisfaction. He had taken a peep in through the window to make sure of the state of affairs arrived at, and to him their decision was straightway imparted.

In vain the lawyer raved and remonstrated against the resolve which Miss Durand had taken. She was firm, immovable.

And, despite his annoyance over this, Mr. Thancroft seemed to walk upon air as he trod the steep path down the mountain.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 134.)

"And more—they are from London. They are close on your track, Vincent Carew. Flee while you have time. I will not point out the direction of your flight. If you are wise, begone!"

Without waiting to hear more, Carew bounded to the open window. At one leap, he cleared the sill, disappearing in the darkness outside.

"Lady, I have saved your life," Fez said, quickly turning to Lorilyn. "I ask a favor at your hands: say nothing of my having been here."

The request was made too late. They who had approached Lorilyn's room did not pause to knock. The door was kicked from its hinges—three men strode in.

"Seize that man, Crash!" cried the familiar voice of Jack Stone, pointing to the African. "We'll want him."

Ere Carew could make a movement toward escape, the arms of Crash Bolden encompassed him, like a band of steel, pinioning him tight.

At the same moment, an unmistakable noise arose upon the night air, and penetrated to where they stood.

A struggle was going on beneath the window where Carew made his exit. They could plainly hear the rapid thuds of smart blows, commingling with the pant of the combatants. And quick, breathless exclamations, with an occasional curse, told the progress of battle to the death.

With one impulse they hurried to the window.

A slim, twisting, wriggling figure dropped from the ceiling, and darted ahead of them.

"Catch him, Jack!—catch him!" yelled Bolden, who dared not let go his hold upon the African. "It's that Rouel—son of the man Carew killed! Catch him!"

But Rouel, active as a monkey, swung over the sill, and vanished.

As Gimp dashed over the road at headlong speed, he suddenly came upon two men, nearly running them down.

"Ho, there! Down brake, partner, or you'll have a smash-up!" shouted one.

Gimp checked the horse with a jerk that fairly brought it standing on its hinder legs.

"Here—I want you. Very men I'm after!" riding back to where they stood.

"Want us? What for?"

"To help me make an arrest."

"An arrest?" and they exchanged significant glances.

"Yes. There's been two people poisoned at Birdwood! And, I suspect, that the same party implicated is the murderer of Cyp, the negro! Hurry up! Come along—it'll take all three of us to capture the rascal!"

"Lead the way," was the quick interruption.

The three started forward briskly.

"Who's the man? What's his name?" asked Jack Stone—for it was he and Crash Bolden—as they hurried along.

"Vincent Carew. Ever hear of him?"

"How's that, Crash?" exclaimed Stone, hailing his associate in the ribs.

"Seems to me that man came into the world purposely to kill people!"

"Yes, we know him well," Jack said, to the lawyer. "We're after him ourselves."

"So! Good—very excellent! Hurry up then. What are you after him for, eh?"

The lawyer was astonished to learn that they had tracked Carew all the way from London!

His excitement grew intense. They could barely keep up with him, as he urged his horse impatiently.

Reaching Birdwood, they saw a light streaming from the window in the second story. As they approached nearer, Gimp paused and listened. He heard voices.

"That's him! He's up there. I hear him talking. Fly! I'll stay here!"

He was interrupted by Oscar Storms, who; observing them as they came up, now joined them.

"You procured assistance, I see, Mr. Gimp?"

"Yes. These gentlemen are detectives. They're after Vincent Carew for a murder done in London."

"Murder?"

"Murder, I said. It wasn't any thing else. You see, he loved a girl there; had promised to marry her. But, he threw up his allegiance to his fiancee, and left her broken-hearted. She died from it. Her father sought the villain out, and threatened him with legal prosecution. Carew knocked him—the old man—down, with a loaded cane, on the public thoroughfare. The blow proved his death. The English authorities have sent for him. That's the whole of it. Quick, now! We're wasting time. You hurry up, and I'll stay here to cut him off." Go!"

A servant, who happened near, overheard their words. In a brief space he had rushed to the dining-hall, and imparted the news to those who were discussing the recent tragedy.

Ten minutes later he was mounted, and galloping to the *Red Ox*, where he told of what was going on at Birdwood.

The crowd congregated there, eager for just such an excitement, as an outlet to their smothered ardor, at once started for the scene of action, headed by the man who had brought them the intelligence.

Anger, chagrin, desperation, fear—all these influenced the mind and body of Vincent Carew, as he made the wild, reckless leap which carried him clear of the window of Lorilyn's room.

His downward flight threatened a broken limb; but, he landed without injury—squarely in the arms of Thaddeus Gimp!

The unexpected collision stunned him for a moment.

"Ha! Got you, have I!" sputtered the lawyer, as he clinched with the villain.

But, Carew, besides being strong and supple, was desperate. His situation rendered him an antagonist of more than ordinary muscle. Bent upon escape, he hesitated at no means to remove an obstacle.

"Hark!" he said, "do you hear those sounds?"

For an instant, Carew's face blanched. He did hear. Numerous feet were tramping in the entry—coming closer, closer; exclaiming voices fell upon his hearing.

"What is it?" involuntarily, and in a started whisper.

"They are seeking you," answered Fez.

"Maester! Maester!" whined Dyke.

"For you to take her life?" in sneering scorn. "Then I would be villainous as you."

"Do you dare to brave me? Satan seize you! Perdition sink!"

"Stay!"—with a motion of the hand. "Spare yourself a waste of words. You have no time for a quarrel with me!"

"By the devils below! I have, though, as you shall see!" snarled the baffled assassin, darting forward with upraised arm.

Cale Fez caught that arm as it descended—turned aside the blow, as if it had been aimed at his own forehead.

"Cale Fez!" he shrieked.

The African stood there, calm yet stern.

"Yes, it is I. What would you do?"

"murder one who is helpless, and a woman? Bah! what cowardice!"

SATURDAY JOURNAL.

7

THE DRUNKARD'S FAMILY.

BY GERALD SILVEY.

I'm hungry! Oh, mother, so hungry!
And Jennie is crying for bread.
Give a morsel to me and dear sister,
And then we'll go happy to bed.

You, too, are as hungry, dear mother—
Just as hungry as sister and I,
But I remember the cupboard is empty,
And we have no money to buy.

Oh, don't you remember, dear mother,
When father was kind and so good?
When we lived in a neat little cottage,
And ate of the neatest of food?

Oh, mother, no longer repining,
Let us whisper to Heaven a prayer,
That father may leave off his drinking,
And help us life's burden to bear.

Though our hearts are now full of anguish,
Our praying may not be in vain;
Even heaven may hear us in pity,
And make us all happy again.

Mohenesto: on, Trap, Trigger and Tomahawk.

BY HENRY M. AVERY,

(MAJOR MAX MARTINE.)

XIII.—Indian Picture Writing.—Sign Language of the Red Men—Census Census. Adventure of Caver—Indian Letter Found at St. Anthony—The Interpretation—A Slight Mistake—Biography of Wingeumund—Life of Waboege—The Maze Stone—Sign Language of the Comanches—Signs in General Use—Indian Language.

The North American Indians have brought the art of picture writing to a high point of perfection. Probably one of the most interesting relics of aboriginal ingenuity and art is the census paper of an Indian tribe. In 1849, a payment of annuities was to be made to the Chippewas, and it was necessary that a census should be taken, so that each chief should receive for his tribe the proportion which belonged to them.

The census paper of Na-go-na-be, one of their chiefs, has been preserved. His band consisted of thirty-five families. The paper was marked off into as many small squares, in each of which was given, pictorially, the name of the head of the family, and underneath a mark for each individual of it. There was Wild-Goose with four persons, Cat-Fish with six, Beaver-Skin with four, Big-Ax with six, The Prophet with none but himself, Pine-Tree with one, Big-Hat with five, and so on; the whole number being one hundred and forty-six, each of whom, we trust, received a due quantity of blankets, beads, and the like.

Many years ago, certain Indians living near Lake Superior forwarded to the President a petition for the right to three small lakes. This document represents seven chiefs, each of them indicated by his totem, or family name. The foremost or principal chief is a crane, then followed three martins, a beaver, a man-fish—denoted by a figure having the head, body, arms and legs of a man, with the tail of a cat-fish—and a cat-fish. The eyes and heart of each follower are connected by a cord with those of the crane, indicating that all felt and saw alike. They are advancing along a large river, from which a tributary branches off. Between the two rivers are represented a chain of three lakes. From the lakes to the eye of the crane runs a line which is prolonged in the direction of the march—that is, toward Washington, where it is supposed to meet the eye of the President.

All this the Indians read, and doubtless presumed the great father could read, thus: "We the undersigned, A. Gram, A. Martin, B. Martin, C. Martin, D. Martin, A. Beaver, A. Mansfield, and A. Catfish, do severally and collectively, look to our great father to grant us three lakes, which our great father can see as well as we."

Carver, an old traveler, relates that in company with a French *voyageur* and a Chippewa guide, he was approaching the grounds of the Naudowessies, a tribe hostile to the Chippewas, but friendly to the English. The guide, before going on, resolved to send a letter to the Naudowessie chief, explaining the reason of his coming, and demanding a safe conduct. Having stripped off a piece of bark from a tree, and mixing some powdered charcoal with bear's grease, he proceeded to indite his letter. He drew a recognizable picture of a village of the neutral tribe of the Ottawas. Near it he made the figure of a man dressed in skins, the recognized symbol of the Naudowessies, and a deer, the symbol of the Chippewas. A line passed from the mouth of the man to the ear of the deer. Beyond was a canoe, in which was a man with a hat, and another with a handkerchief tied around his head, rowing the canoe, which was decorated with the pipe of peace. All this signified as plainly as though written out in words, that at the Ottawan village a Chippewa chief had been requested by a Naudowessie chief to conduct an Englishman and a French *voyageur* up the river; that the errand was a peaceful one, and, therefore, that the guide, though an avowed enemy to the tribe, claimed a safe passage.

In 1820, a letter, written on birch bark, was found above the Falls of St. Anthony, near where a United States military post had been established. In the left corner was depicted a fort with a flag flying, and above it an eagle outspread. This clearly denoted that the flag belonged to the United States. Three rows of Indian lodges were drawn, a chief standing at the foot of each row. A dog near one of these chiefs showed that this was Wa-bed-a-tumka, or Black Dog, a Sioux chief, well known to the Chippewas of that region. Another of the chiefs had by his side a bale of goods. At the head of the line of lodges was the commander of the post, with military hat and drawn sword, and a chief, the large medal upon whose breast, and his position by the side of the American officer denoted that he, Chak-o-pee, was the leading Sioux chief.

This letter was picked up by the Chippewa chief for whom it was intended, who read it without difficulty, thus: "Chak-o-pee and Col. Leavenworth have come to this place, bringing with them goods furnished by the American government, for the purpose of making peace between the Sioux and the Chippewas. There are three bands of the Sioux, consisting of forty-one lodges. One of the chiefs is Black Dog, whom you know."

* On one occasion, an exploring party, with two guides, set out on an expedition. They had not gone far when they found on a pole a piece of bark, giving an account of their recent proceedings. Two lines of men were represented. They were on the march, their backs being toward the spectator. In

the front line were seven soldiers. To make it clear that they were soldiers, they were provided with muskets; but as the writer, or rather printer, could not well show the muskets in the hands of the soldiers, whose backs were toward him, he had placed them together at the end of the line. In his haste he made one musket too many. In the second line are the commander of the party, with the military hat and sword; then his secretary, with a book; then the geologist, with a hammer; then another, who cannot be clearly made out; these three wear citizens' hats. Then comes one with military hat and a weapon; then the interpreter, with a high hat, and still further to denote his non-military character, he carries his weapon in his left hand. Then follow two armed Indian guides, one looking forward in the direction of the march, the other backward. Near each company are the remains of a fire, indicating that they had formed separate messes. At the bottom of the picture, clearly drawn, are a tortoise and a prairie-hen, and beside them a fire upon which they are faintly sketched. In the upper corner is an eagle flying. This letter had evidently been left at the camp by a vigilant scout, for the information of his tribe, while he kept further watch upon the party. It is easily read: "The American party has just left. There are seven soldiers, besides the two guards, and six other persons, as you will see. They had two camps last night. They caught yesterday a tortoise and a prairie-hen, which they roasted and ate. The pole upon which this is placed leans in the direction in which they have gone. The three notches in it indicate the number of days' march they propose to make."

I have another Indian document, which contains a sort of biography of Wingeumund, a famous Delaware chief. At the left upper corner is a turtle. This is the totem of his tribe—his surname, in fact. Then his own personal hieroglyphic, then the face of the sun, with eyes wide open, indicating that he was wide awake—that is, on the war-path—and beneath it ten marks, indicating so many expeditions which he had made. Opposite these is shown the number killed and captured by him in these expeditions. The captives are designated by having heads, the slain being headless. The women are distinguished from the men by a sort of tail to their dresses. The meaning can be readily deciphered.

Two of the expeditions were fruitless. In one a woman was taken captive, a man and woman killed. In the other seven, two men and a woman were captured, and three men and a woman killed. In the center of the picture are represented three forts which Wingeumund had attacked. The small one was on Lake Erie; the large one, with four bastions, is at Detroit; the star-shaped one is Fort Pitt, at the confluence of the Alleghany and Monongahela rivers.

Near Lake Superior died, in 1795, a celebrated war-chief named Waboege. A board placed at the head of his grave gives an outline of his life. He belonged to the family of the Reindeer, which is indicated by a figure of that animal. It lies on its back, with its legs in the air, to show that the chief was dead. Sixteen strokes at the sides denote the number of war-parties which he has led, and three strokes below the head signify the three wounds which he has received in battle. The figure of a moose's head relates to a desperate fight in which he was engaged with an enraged moose. Below are some hieroglyphics which we can not translate. The remainder reads clearly enough. "Here lies the Reindeer who killed the big moose. He led sixteen war-parties, and was three times wounded. *Requiescat in pace.*"

Shen-ga-ba-was-sin, the "Maze-Stone," was a noted chief of the St. Mary's band, who died in 1828, near Lake Superior. His headboard narrates the principal events of his life. He was of the Crane family, as is shown by the representation, lying on its back to denote that this is a mortuary inscription. The six light strokes at the right denote so many war-parties. Among these is the battle of Moraviantown, under Tecumseh, where he lost a brother. The three heavy marks on the left indicate three general treaties of peace in which he had taken part.

Closely connected with picture-writing is the sign-language, which is especially well developed among the Comanches and Sioux. Two men, neither of whom understands a word of the other's language, will by signs hold a long conversation with the other.

I once had occasion to ask a certain question of a Comanche. This is the way I put the question: I pointed to the eyes of the Indian; this was understood to mean, "Did you see?" Then I held up all the fingers of the right hand, and one of the left; this clearly meant, "Six." Then, making two circles by bringing the ends of the thumbs and forefingers together, and moving my wrists round and round like wheels revolving, I said plainly enough, "Wagons." Then, putting my hands to both sides of my head, I signified "Horns," or horned cattle—that is, oxen. I then held up three fingers, and placing my right hand upon my lower lip, I signified "Three bearded men," or Mexicans. Three fingers passed along my own forehead could only mean three "white men," like myself—that is, Americans. Now holding up one forefinger, and afterward this finger between two fingers of the other hand, I indicated a man on horseback. The two hands being moved up and down gave the idea of a horse "galloping." All this being put together was understood by the Indian to mean: "Did you see six wagons, drawn by oxen, with three Mexican and three American teamsters, and a man on horseback?" To each question the Comanche answered "yes," by holding up his forefinger and then pointing with it to the ground. If the answer had been in the negative, the Indian would have merely shaken his head. To ask these questions by signs required no more time than it would have taken to have asked them in words.

The sign used by the Crows to designate their nationality is made by extending their arms in a horizontal position and moving them up and down with a "flapping" motion. That of the Flatheads is made by laying the hands first upon the head, and then extending them in front upon a level with the belt, the flat or palm side down; afterward returning them to the top of the head. Every tribe has its own sign, which is easily understood and recognized.

Many learned men conjecture that the language of manual signs originated in the infancy of the race, before articulate words. Deaf and dumb persons from different quarters of the globe, on meeting for the

first time, converse readily by signs which seem arbitrary, but which must be founded upon the natural relation between gesture and thought.

There is the dialect of hands, arms, and legs, in common vogue between mountain-men and Indians. A trapper meets a dozen savages, all of different tribes, and though no two have ten articulate words in common, they converse for hours dumb show, comprehending each other perfectly, and often relating incidents which cause uproarious laughter or excite the sterner passions. To a novice, these signs are no more intelligible than so many vagaries of St. Vitus' dance; but, like all mysteries, they are simple and significant—after one comprehends them. The only one I ever saw requiring no explanation is the symbol for Sioux Indians—drawing the finger across the throat, like a knife. It is an apt and epigrammatic delineation of their bloodthirsty character.

The Arapahoes or "Smellers" are indicated by seizing the nose with the thumb and forefinger; the Comanches or "Snakes" by waving the hand like the crawling of a reptile; the Cheyennes or "Cut-arms" by drawing the finger across the arm; the Pawnees or "Wolves" by placing a forefinger on each side of the head, pointing like the sharp ears of the wolf; women by moving the hand down the shoulder to indicate their long, flowing tresses; whites by drawing the finger over the forehead in suggestion of the hat.

General Marcy's entertainment "work," Army on the Border," states that to ascertain whether strangers at a distance are friends or enemies, some tribes raise the right hand with the palm in front, and slowly move it forward and back. This is a command to halt, and will be obeyed if the approaching party be peaceful. Then the right hand is again raised and slowly moved to the right and left, as an inquiry: "Who are you?"

The strangers reply by giving the sign of their tribe, or by raising both hands grasped in a friendly greeting, or with the fore-fingers locked together in emblem of peace. If enemies, they refuse to halt, or place the right hand against the forehead, in sign of hostility.

All Indian languages are so imperfect that even when two members of the same tribe converse, half the intercourse is carried on by signs. Mountain men become so accustomed to this, that when talking in their mother tongue upon the most abstract subjects, their arms and bodies will participate in the conversation. Like the Kanakas of the Sandwich Islands they are unable to talk with their hands tied. Ancient history informs us that the Greeks carry on long dialogues in silence; and the Indians, in fear of being overheard, often stop in the middle of a sentence, to finish it in pantomime.

It is related that a great conspiracy on the Mediterranean was organized not only without vocal utterance, but by facial signs, without employing the hands at all. How much more expressive than spoken words is a shrug of the shoulders, a scowl, or the turning up of the nose! The supple tongue may deceive; but few can discipline the expression of the face into a persistent falsehood; and no man can tell a lie—an absolute, unmitigated lie—with his eyes. If closely and steadily watched they will reveal the truth, be it love or hate or indifference.

No two Indian tribes speak the same language, although they are sometimes so nearly alike as to render it easy for them to understand each other. The Esquimaux of the far North speak in a very mixed guttural tongue, more resembling the Russian language than any other. In Oregon, Idaho, Washington and Montana, there are nearly a hundred Indian tribes, each speaking a different language; but there exists among the Indians of the northern Pacific slope a strange patois, better known as the "Chinese jargon" which all of the Indians, and nearly all of the whites understand.

In all Indian languages the same word is either a noun or a verb, according as they precede or follow a sentence; thus, the Chinook "Ni-wa-wa"—"I speak," or, "My word."

I present a few proper names and common terms of several Indian languages; also of the Chinook "jargon."

Scarlet cloth, Be-has-i-pe-hish-a Child, Child-car-ta Powder, Sach-o-pach, Brave, Skookum-tum-tum, Rocky Mountains, Amma-ha-ha Bell, Ting-ting, Boil, Lip-lip, Six, Chak-o-pee, (Sioux) Medicine, Baruk-Parchuk, Bobtail-horse, Shas-ka-o-hush-a, No, Cowin, A woman's dress, O-mo-gua, Charge, Hoo-ki-hi, Big Bowl, Bat-te-sarsh, Money, Kosh-pope, Child, Chookn-shee, (Sioux) Awkward, No hands, Darrel, No ear-holes, Heavy Shield, As-as-to, Sunday, the big day, Gallatin river, the swift river, Rice, ant eggs, Long grass, Po-po-on-che, Day, sun, Snake river, the sage-brush river, Half, sit-cum, Great, Hyas, Sparrowhawk, Apa-ro-kee, Salt Lake, the bad water, One, Ict, Iron, Chink-a-min, Yellow Belly, A-re-shes-res, Thunder, the clouds crying, Minne-wakan, bad water, White Rock, Im-in-i-jas-ka, Red Iron, Way-awan, Sacred Hall, Wakan-te-bee, Standing Buffalo, Ta-tauka-najin, Little Crow, Tah-o-doo-ta, Winona, the first-born, Red Leaf, Wah-pa-doo-ta, Red Stone, Eyan-shah, Red Otter, Ta-zoo, Enemy of Heroes, Is-co-chu-e-chu-re, Hah-hah-ee-yun-kee-win, one who gathers huckleberries while running—a somewhat celebrated Sioux damsel, familiarly known about St. Paul, Minnesota, as "Old Betz," Rolling Runner, Rahn-in-yau-ka, Silver-fall, Mayas, Hin-han-shoon-ko-yag-ma-ne, the man with an owl's tail, Hole-in-the-day, Po-gona-gie-shick, the once famous chief of the Chippewas of Minnesota, Two, mox, Three, clone, Four, lock-et, Five, quin, Six, tal-hum, Seven, sin-a-mox, Eight, stoat-kin, Nine, quoits, Ten, tot-lum, Twenty, mox-tof-lit-lum, Thirty, clone-tot-lit-lum. One hundred, let-tock-mo-huck. One thousand, tot-lit-lum-tock-a-moo-nuck. Iron, Blower, Ma-za-boom-doo, Running water, Sepin or sepe, Guide or leader, Chin-do-wan, Broken rocks, Kaboh-bikah, Mendota, meeting of the waters. The Turtle dove is called the rat-tlesnake's brother. This is from a tradition existing among many Indian tribes that whenever the dove is mocked, or its mate is killed, it tells the rat-tlesnake, who follows and bites the offending Indian.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 129.)

A DIFFIDENT lover went to the town clerk to request him to publish the banns of matrimony, and, finding him at work alone in the middle of a ten-acre field, asked him to step aside a moment, and then extenuating them in front upon a level with the belt, the flat or palm side down; afterward returning them to the top of the head. Every tribe has its own sign, which is easily understood and recognized.

Many learned men conjecture that the language of manual signs originated in the infancy of the race, before articulate words.

Deaf and dumb persons from different quarters of the globe, on meeting for the

On Condition.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

A TALL, graceful girl, with eyes as blue as heaven's arch, and a complexion like snow, with sunset tints reflected on it. Usually, very proud and cold—except to her. They converse for hours dumb show, comprehending each other perfectly, and often relating incidents which cause uproarious laughter or excite the sterner passions.

To a novice, these signs are no more intelligible than so many vagaries of St. Vitus' dance; but, like all mysteries, they are simple and significant—after one comprehends them. The only one I ever saw requiring no explanation is the symbol for Sioux Indians—drawing the finger across the throat, like a knife. It is an apt and epigrammatic delineation of their bloodthirsty character.

Frank Darrel was looking at her, all unknown to her; he was wishing she were his first cousin, and that Mr. Warren were not quite so devoted to her. And he was also wondering with a savageness in his heart, whether Mr. Hermon Warren had any thing to do with his cousin Madge of lowly origin.

Then with his usual impulsive way, he went across the piazza to ask her.

She started a little as he appeared; then smiled.

"Cousin Frank! I did not expect to see you."

"Is that equivalent to 'you did not want to'?" Madge, what's the matter with you?"

He pitted her, for the hot, painful blushes swept redly over her fair face and neck.

"Why, Frank Darrel! what a question!"

Who appointed you inquisitor-general, pray?"

She was trying so hard to fight back the tears Frank knew were coming, by the lustre brightness of her eyes.

General Marcy's entertainment "work," Army on the Border," states that to ascertain whether strangers at a distance are friends or enemies, some tribes raise the right hand with the palm in front, and slowly move it forward and back. This is a command to halt, and will be obeyed if the approaching party be peaceful. Then the right hand is again raised and slowly moved to the right and left, as an inquiry: "Who are you?"

She hesitated, and averted her eyes.

"Let me finish it for you, Madge. You had learned to care for a little for Hermon Warren; and now, because he has partially transferred his attention to Grace Forrester, that little love and a great deal of pride has been wounded."

He spoke so kindly; and Madge, with a little sob, nodded her head.

"It is true, cousin Frank; but he never shall know it—or Grace Forrester either. I've enough common sense left to hide it from them, I hope."

It was a weary little smile; one that Frank Darrel could not resist—so he suddenly leaned toward her, and drew her face to his shoulder.

"Ah, Madge, darling, if you only cared as much for me as for him! Can't I? won't you?"

After a minute of silence, Madge lifted her eyes, very seriously, to him.

"Cousin Frank, I will engage myself to you, on one condition."

He started up, joyously.

"Madge, darling, will you? And what is the condition?"

But Madge was not smiling back into his face as he would have liked; but very grave, and pale, and heart-sore, he saw

AFTER THE BALL.
A GIRL'S REVERIE.

BY LAUNCE POYNTZ.

He said my eyes were stars—how foolish of him!
And yet how sweet 'tis!
He knelt—and then, those eyes being above him,
He stole them hidden secret—that I love him—
And when they met his eyes,

He called them "stars"—"I bring gold;"
These poor pale tresses!
Others have named me "Snow maid," shy and cold;
But what a warmth waked up, of love unfold,
'Neath his caresses.

How sweet it sounded, through the greenhouse bower—
That music near us!

When we, both hidden close 'mid tropic flowers,
Whispered together, heedless of the hours,
For none could hear us.

And then our waltz, so passionately flowing,
Underwood hither.

It seemed to bear us off in circles glowing,
Following rhythmic pulses, swiftly going,
I knew not whither.

I wish we could have danced for evermore!
At least I then did.

And yet the time flew on as ne'er before;
It seemed, ore I began to live, 'twas over;
And all was ended.

The band played "Home, sweet home!" we heard
the sobs.

On casements patter;
We heard the carriages roll up the street;
The cloak-room filled; the storm without, it beat,
Mid horse-hoofs' clatter.

He whispered, at the carriage-door, "mid sweep
Of rain, 'Good-night, love!'
The door was open—too wild to think of sleep.
I sat there, dreaming through the darkness deep,
Of all this bright love.

He swore it was his, to love no other,
In joy or sorrow;

And—oh! how the room is, I shall smother—
He said that he should come and ask my mother.
Think on't! To-morrow!

The Court of Lions.

BY LAUNCE POYNTZ.

I. THE BLACK AVENGER.

In a desolate stretch of country to the north of the kingdom of Granada, at the edge of an arid table-land, some days after the prophecy of the beggar astrologer, a party of horsemen drew rein at the exit of a valley, in the range of foot-hills, and gazed keenly out over the table-land, dry and dusty as it was with the intense heat of summer, and dotted here and there, at very long intervals, with a few nearly withered trees.

In the distance could be seen a second party, slowly advancing, and the gleam of steel in their midst, showed that there were armed men accompanying it.

The party in the valley were all Moors, picturesque and splendid in dress, and headed by Prince Hamet. The prince was mounted on a slender, wiry Arab mare, dark gray, with jet-black legs, muzzle, mane and tail, an animal well known for her speed and beauty, under the name of Al Kaireh, (the magnificent). Her rider was dressed and armed in the extreme of Moorish extravagance, his helmet and cuirass covered with gilding, the turban that surrounded the former, and which allowed the end to drop down the back, being of cloth of gold, while the surmounting plume was of Bird of Paradise feathers. His dress and horse furniture were both of Genoa velvet, sown with seed pearls, and embroidered with gold, while the hilt and scabbard of his scimitar alike blazed with jewels. Prince Hamet seemed to be resolved to dazzle the eyes of his fair prey, while carrying her off, and to exhibit alike his beauty of person and prowess in arms.

The other party, slowly approaching, was very different in appearance from that of the splendid Morisco. It only numbered five persons, three of them females. The three seemed to be a lady and two maids, all attired in plain riding-dresses, and attended only by a single knight in armor, whose servant or squire was a Morisco, short, square, sturdy and weather-beaten, mounted on a bay Arab, of greater bone than usual. The knight was armed *cap-a-pie* in plain dark armor, carried a long lance, and rode a powerful black horse, showing Mecklenburg bone crossed with Arab blood.

"Holy Virgin, señor Aguilar!" said the lady, apprehensively, as she checked her horse to gaze at the glittering party of Moriscos in the distance, "is there not danger to be apprehended?"

"I fancy not, Dona Inez," said the dark knight, quietly. "There is a truce for three years between ourselves and the heathen, and they will not dare to violate it."

"But suppose they are robbers, Don Alonzo?" said the lady, turning pale; "are they not too numerous for us? See, there are nigh a score of them, and all armed! What shall we do, señor? Would that we had brought a larger party with us?"

The knight smiled gravely. He was a tall, powerful man, in the prime of life, remarkably handsome in face, with all the peculiar gravity and simple pride of demeanor that distinguishes the Spanish hidalgos. Don Alonzo de Aguilar was counted the best knight at the court of Aragon, and was well known and dreaded by the Moors as the "Black Avenger."

"I can save the señorita further alarm," he said, quietly. "Since she was consigned to my charge by her gracious father, the Conde del Castillo, Aguilar is responsible for her safety, till we reach the castle. We need no men at arms to clear the way of a pack of Morisco jackals. Hassan and I will show you on the instant that a Christian knight and a converted Moor are able to scatter all the heathens in Granada, so they come not over a score at a time. So please you, if the señorita will ride up, she shall see it done at once—Hail St. Jago!"

The last exclamation was caused by a sudden change in the attitude of the Morisco cavalcade. Uttering a loud yell, they waved their sabers and broke into a wild gallop, bearing down on the Christians in a cloud of dust, with unmistakable hostility.

Aguilar waved back the lady behind him with a gesture, pricked his horse with the spur, and bounded forward to meet the enemy, reckless of all odds. As he went he slammed down the visor of his helmet and threw his lance forward, while Hassan, the converted Moorish squire, drew his scimitar, smiled grimly, and galloped off to the left of his master, to protect the ladies from being cut off.

Over the black armor of Aguilar was flung a rich scarf of crimson and gold, the colors of Dona Inez, and as he neared Prince Hamet's party he shouted out his war-cry, well known on many a battlefield:

"Santiago for Aguilar! Vengeance on the heathen dogs!"

And that single cry produced a marvel-

ous effect on the Moriscos! They had not known, till they heard it, who was their opponent. Had they done so, they might never have charged, so great was the dread inspired by that single warrior, on account of his marvelous strength and prowess, and the innumerable combats in which he had been victor.

First one Moor began to pull at his horse, then another turned to the right, then more of them stopped dead short, till at last Prince Hamet and two more of his best warriors were left alone in the front. The rest huddled together, looking on and hesitating, to see the side to which victory should incline. Hamet himself was quite unconscious of this. His mind was full of the last words of the oracle:

"The maid shall belong to the brave cavalier
Who shall soon to the heaven that never sees
Earth."

Impressed with the idea of the necessity of reckless courage, he bore down on Aguilar at full speed, Al Kaireh, with head and tail up, snorting joyously at the fray. But the nearer he came, the less did he like the looks of the Black Avenger. The long, keen lance-point was held so steadily, and pointed straight at his heart, the black horse came so swift and strong, that involuntarily the Moor's heart failed. Almost in the moment of closing he swerved away from the shock, but swerved too late. The black charger swerved at the same moment, following the gray. The scimitar of Prince Hamet was waved in the air for a cut, but that cut never fell. For, at the same moment, the lance of Aguilar caught the Morisco under the cuirass, at the waist, and bore the unhappy wretch, impaled and writhing, over the side of the mare, while the black horse, thundering on with far superior strength, trampled down the slender

most delicate dam on

the ground.

He swore it was his, to love no other,

In joy or sorrow;

And—oh! how the room is, I shall smother—

He said that he should come and ask my mother.

Think on't! To-morrow!

II.—THE BLACK AVENGER.

In a desolate stretch of country to the north of the kingdom of Granada, at the edge of an arid table-land, some days after the prophecy of the beggar astrologer, a party of horsemen drew rein at the exit of a valley, in the range of foot-hills, and gazed keenly out over the table-land, dry and dusty as it was with the intense heat of summer, and dotted here and there, at very long intervals, with a few nearly withered trees.

In the distance could be seen a second party, slowly advancing, and the gleam of steel in their midst, showed that there were armed men accompanying it.

The party in the valley were all Moors, picturesque and splendid in dress, and headed by Prince Hamet. The prince was mounted on a slender, wiry Arab mare, dark gray, with jet-black legs, muzzle, mane and tail, an animal well known for her speed and beauty, under the name of Al Kaireh, (the magnificent). Her rider was dressed and armed in the extreme of Moorish extravagance, his helmet and cuirass covered with gilding, the turban that surrounded the former, and which allowed the end to drop down the back, being of cloth of gold, while the surmounting plume was of Bird of Paradise feathers. His dress and horse furniture were both of Genoa velvet, sown with seed pearls, and embroidered with gold, while the hilt and scabbard of his scimitar alike blazed with jewels. Prince Hamet seemed to be resolved to dazzle the eyes of his fair prey, while carrying her off, and to exhibit alike his beauty of person and prowess in arms.

The other party, slowly approaching, was very different in appearance from that of the splendid Morisco. It only numbered five persons, three of them females. The three seemed to be a lady and two maids, all attired in plain riding-dresses, and attended only by a single knight in armor, whose servant or squire was a Morisco, short, square, sturdy and weather-beaten, mounted on a bay Arab, of greater bone than usual. The knight was armed *cap-a-pie* in plain dark armor, carried a long lance, and rode a powerful black horse, showing Mecklenburg bone crossed with Arab blood.

"Holy Virgin, señor Aguilar!" said the lady, apprehensively, as she checked her horse to gaze at the glittering party of Moriscos in the distance, "is there not danger to be apprehended?"

"I fancy not, Dona Inez," said the dark knight, quietly. "There is a truce for three years between ourselves and the heathen, and they will not dare to violate it."

"But suppose they are robbers, Don Alonzo?" said the lady, turning pale; "are they not too numerous for us? See, there are nigh a score of them, and all armed! What shall we do, señor? Would that we had brought a larger party with us?"

The knight smiled gravely. He was a tall, powerful man, in the prime of life, remarkably handsome in face, with all the peculiar gravity and simple pride of demeanor that distinguishes the Spanish hidalgos. Don Alonzo de Aguilar was counted the best knight at the court of Aragon, and was well known and dreaded by the Moors as the "Black Avenger."

"I can save the señorita further alarm," he said, quietly. "Since she was consigned to my charge by her gracious father, the Conde del Castillo, Aguilar is responsible for her safety, till we reach the castle. We need no men at arms to clear the way of a pack of Morisco jackals. Hassan and I will show you on the instant that a Christian knight and a converted Moor are able to scatter all the heathens in Granada, so they come not over a score at a time. So please you, if the señorita will ride up, she shall see it done at once—Hail St. Jago!"

The last exclamation was caused by a sudden change in the attitude of the Morisco cavalcade. Uttering a loud yell, they waved their sabers and broke into a wild gallop, bearing down on the Christians in a cloud of dust, with unmistakable hostility.

Aguilar waved back the lady behind him with a gesture, pricked his horse with the spur, and bounded forward to meet the enemy, reckless of all odds. As he went he slammed down the visor of his helmet and threw his lance forward, while Hassan, the converted Moorish squire, drew his scimitar, smiled grimly, and galloped off to the left of his master, to protect the ladies from being cut off.

Over the black armor of Aguilar was flung a rich scarf of crimson and gold, the colors of Dona Inez, and as he neared Prince Hamet's party he shouted out his war-cry, well known on many a battlefield:

"Santiago for Aguilar! Vengeance on the heathen dogs!"

And that single cry produced a marvel-

ous effect on the Moriscos! They had not known, till they heard it, who was their opponent. Had they done so, they might never have charged, so great was the dread inspired by that single warrior, on account of his marvelous strength and prowess, and the innumerable combats in which he had been victor.

First one Moor began to pull at his horse, then another turned to the right, then more of them stopped dead short, till at last Prince Hamet and two more of his best warriors were left alone in the front. The rest huddled together, looking on and hesitating, to see the side to which victory should incline. Hamet himself was quite unconscious of this. His mind was full of the last words of the oracle:

"The maid shall belong to the brave cavalier
Who shall soon to the heaven that never sees
Earth."

Impressed with the idea of the necessity of reckless courage, he bore down on Aguilar at full speed, Al Kaireh, with head and tail up, snorting joyously at the fray. But the nearer he came, the less did he like the looks of the Black Avenger. The long, keen lance-point was held so steadily, and pointed straight at his heart, the black horse came so swift and strong, that involuntarily the Moor's heart failed. Almost in the moment of closing he swerved away from the shock, but swerved too late. The black charger swerved at the same moment, following the gray. The scimitar of Prince Hamet was waved in the air for a cut, but that cut never fell. For, at the same moment, the lance of Aguilar caught the Morisco under the cuirass, at the waist, and bore the unhappy wretch, impaled and writhing, over the side of the mare, while the black horse, thundering on with far superior strength, trampled down the slender

most delicate dam on

the ground.

He swore it was his, to love no other,

In joy or sorrow;

And—oh! how the room is, I shall smother—

He said that he should come and ask my mother.

Think on't! To-morrow!

II.—THE BLACK AVENGER.

In a desolate stretch of country to the north of the kingdom of Granada, at the edge of an arid table-land, some days after the prophecy of the beggar astrologer, a party of horsemen drew rein at the exit of a valley, in the range of foot-hills, and gazed keenly out over the table-land, dry and dusty as it was with the intense heat of summer, and dotted here and there, at very long intervals, with a few nearly withered trees.

In the distance could be seen a second party, slowly advancing, and the gleam of steel in their midst, showed that there were armed men accompanying it.

The party in the valley were all Moors, picturesque and splendid in dress, and headed by Prince Hamet. The prince was mounted on a slender, wiry Arab mare, dark gray, with jet-black legs, muzzle, mane and tail, an animal well known for her speed and beauty, under the name of Al Kaireh, (the magnificent). Her rider was dressed and armed in the extreme of Moorish extravagance, his helmet and cuirass covered with gilding, the turban that surrounded the former, and which allowed the end to drop down the back, being of cloth of gold, while the surmounting plume was of Bird of Paradise feathers. His dress and horse furniture were both of Genoa velvet, sown with seed pearls, and embroidered with gold, while the hilt and scabbard of his scimitar alike blazed with jewels. Prince Hamet seemed to be resolved to dazzle the eyes of his fair prey, while carrying her off, and to exhibit alike his beauty of person and prowess in arms.

The other party, slowly approaching, was very different in appearance from that of the splendid Morisco. It only numbered five persons, three of them females. The three seemed to be a lady and two maids, all attired in plain riding-dresses, and attended only by a single knight in armor, whose servant or squire was a Morisco, short, square, sturdy and weather-beaten, mounted on a bay Arab, of greater bone than usual. The knight was armed *cap-a-pie* in plain dark armor, carried a long lance, and rode a powerful black horse, showing Mecklenburg bone crossed with Arab blood.

"Holy Virgin, señor Aguilar!" said the lady, apprehensively, as she checked her horse to gaze at the glittering party of Moriscos in the distance, "is there not danger to be apprehended?"

"I fancy not, Dona Inez," said the dark knight, quietly. "There is a truce for three years between ourselves and the heathen, and they will not dare to violate it."

"But suppose they are robbers, Don Alonzo?" said the lady, turning pale; "are they not too numerous for us? See, there are nigh a score of them, and all armed! What shall we do, señor? Would that we had brought a larger party with us?"

The knight smiled gravely. He was a tall, powerful man, in the prime of life, remarkably handsome in face, with all the peculiar gravity and simple pride of demeanor that distinguishes the Spanish hidalgos. Don Alonzo de Aguilar was counted the best knight at the court of Aragon, and was well known and dreaded by the Moors as the "Black Avenger."

"I can save the señorita further alarm," he said, quietly. "Since she was consigned to my charge by her gracious father, the Conde del Castillo, Aguilar is responsible for her safety, till we reach the castle. We need no men at arms to clear the way of a pack of Morisco jackals. Hassan and I will show you on the instant that a Christian knight and a converted Moor are able to scatter all the heathens in Granada, so they come not over a score at a time. So please you, if the señorita will ride up, she shall see it done at once—Hail St. Jago!"

The last exclamation was caused by a sudden change in the attitude of the Morisco cavalcade. Uttering a loud yell, they waved their sabers and broke into a wild gallop, bearing down on the Christians in a cloud of dust, with unmistakable hostility.

Aguilar waved back the lady behind him with a gesture, pricked his horse with the spur, and bounded forward to meet the enemy, reckless of all odds. As he went he slammed down the visor of his helmet and threw his lance forward, while Hassan, the converted Moorish squire, drew his scimitar, smiled grimly, and galloped off to the left of his master, to protect the ladies from being cut off.

Over the black armor of Aguilar was flung a rich scarf of crimson and gold, the colors of Dona Inez, and as he neared Prince Hamet's party he shouted out his war-cry, well known on many a battlefield:

"Santiago for Aguilar! Vengeance on the heathen dogs!"

And that single cry produced a marvel-

ous effect on the Moriscos! They had not known, till they heard it, who was their opponent. Had they done so, they might never have charged, so great was the dread inspired by that single warrior, on account of his marvelous strength and prowess, and the innumerable combats in which he had been victor.

First one Moor began to pull at his horse, then another turned to the right, then more of them stopped dead short, till at last Prince Hamet and two more of his best warriors were left alone in the front. The rest huddled together, looking on and hesitating, to see the side to which victory should incline. Hamet himself was quite unconscious of this. His mind was full of the last words of the oracle:

"The maid shall belong to the brave cavalier
Who shall soon to the heaven that never sees
Earth."

Impressed with the idea of the necessity of reckless courage, he bore down on Aguilar at full speed, Al Kaireh, with head and tail up, snorting joyously at the fray. But the nearer he came, the less did he like the looks of the Black Avenger. The long, keen lance-point was held so steadily, and pointed straight at his heart, the black horse came so swift and strong, that involuntarily the Moor's heart failed. Almost in the moment of closing he swerved away from the shock, but swerved too late. The black charger swerved at the same moment, following the gray. The scimitar of Prince Hamet was waved in the air for a cut, but that cut never fell. For, at the same moment, the lance of Aguilar caught the Morisco under the cuirass, at the waist, and bore the unhappy wretch, impaled and writhing, over the side of the mare, while the black horse, thundering on with far superior strength, trampled down the slender

most delicate dam on

the ground.